

HEROES OF CHIVALRY

BY LOUISE MAITLAND

STORIES OF HEROES

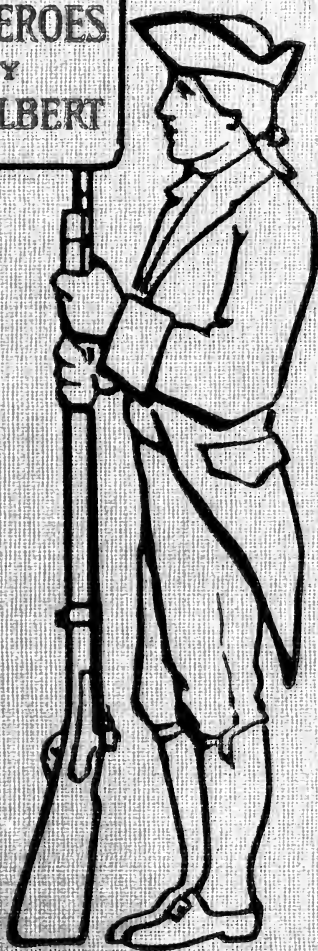
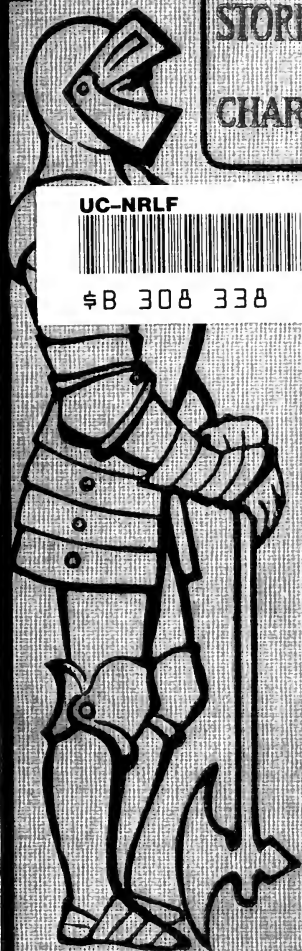
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CHARLES B. GILBERT

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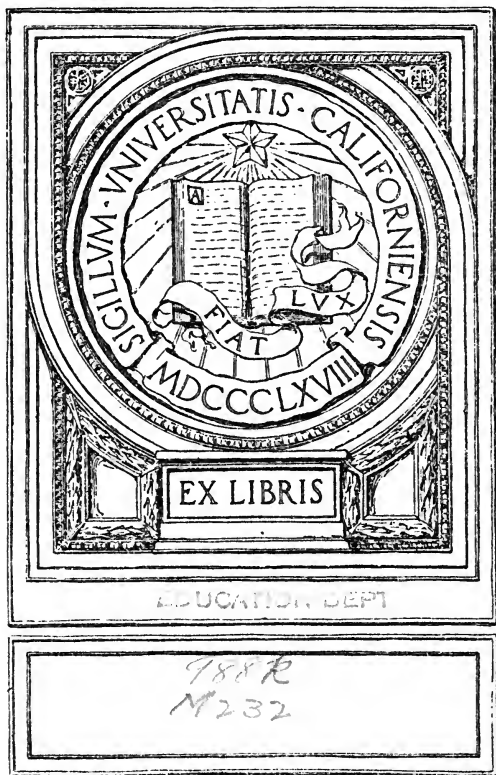


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EDITED BY

CHARLES B. GILBERT

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

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EDITED BY CHARLES B. GILBERT,

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

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NEW YORK.

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Figure 1 shows a 2D grid of 10x10 cells. The grid is divided into four quadrants by a vertical line at x=5 and a horizontal line at y=5. The top-left quadrant (x=1-5, y=6-10) contains a cluster of cells with values 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. The top-right quadrant (x=6-10, y=6-10) contains a cluster of cells with values 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20. The bottom-left quadrant (x=1-5, y=1-5) contains a cluster of cells with values 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30. The bottom-right quadrant (x=6-10, y=1-5) contains a cluster of cells with values 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40. The grid is labeled with 'x' and 'y' axes.



“THEY RAN AT EACH OTHER WITH DRAWN SWORDS.” (See page 142.) *Frontispiece*

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LOUISE MAITLAND

ILLUSTRATED



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY

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GENERAL PREFACE.

WHETHER, as Carlyle would have it, history consists properly in the biographies of conspicuous men; or, according to Freeman and his school, in the development of peoples; or in the evolution of ideas, as Hegel argues; is a question for philosophers. For children history is biography, and the biography of heroes. For them types must be individualized and apotheosized. History must be a series of pictures with heroes in the foreground.

To children chronology is without meaning. Whether an event occurred yesterday or a thousand years ago makes no difference. "Long, long ago" and "once upon a time" are quite as intelligible and more effective than "three thousand years ago" or "in the year 56 B.C."

Of vastly greater importance in the education of children than chronological sequence is psychological sequence. In the earlier years of a child's study of history, events should be presented to him in the order in which he is able to apperceive them, rather than in the order of occurrence. This order will depend upon social and psychological

similarities. For example, the prehistoric Greek is more nearly allied to the German of the early Roman Empire than the latter to his contemporary, the imperial Roman; and the modern Bedouin is much nearer to Abraham than to the modern Englishman.

This principle of psychological order has been followed in the present series of historical stories. Types representing similar stages of civilization are presented in conjunction, without regard to chronology. It is hoped that through these stories, thus grouped, children may be interested at the proper times of their own development in the various phases of the evolution of society and in history itself, and that the interest thus awakened may lead to a better study of history than is common in elementary schools.

The stories may be classified as follows:—

First, myths. These are the beginnings of history, and should be presented to the child when his imagination is vivid enough to absorb without a shock the marvels of mythology merely as stories, and when his appetite is keen for all marvels.

Second, stories of nomadic life. These represent a very early stage of history, which should be presented to children when the demand for “true stories” arises and when the “tramp in-

stinct" awakens. The stories tell of wanderers of various times and different types, who may be roughly classified as Pastoral Nomads, Religious Nomads, and Warlike Nomads. Their common characteristic is the absence of devotion to a fixed home, the readiness with which they moved from place to place in search of pasture or conquest, or to satisfy some personal craving. The differences are due mainly to race characteristics and geographic conditions.

Third, chivalry. The stories of this period, as well as the myths and tales of nomads, belong to the period of childhood in the development of civilized society. They may be said to represent the minority of society. The stories are drawn from two sources chiefly, the legends clustering about King Arthur and his Round Table and those relating to the followers of Charlemagne, especially as given in the "*Chanson de Roland*."

Fourth, conquest and empire. The establishment of great personal empires, through conquest followed by organization, by men of extraordinary power, indicates a vastly higher order of civilization than those typified by the nomad and the knight errant. It may be said to represent the young manhood of society. It precedes and prepares the way for that higher development manifested in democratic freedom.

Fifth, freedom. This stands for the highest stage of social evolution yet attained by man. It is the full manhood of society. Its heroes are actuated by nobler motives than those of any other social state. Altruism is here the ruling motive, growing out of the great value put upon individual liberty.

Other books will follow, containing tales of the heroes who in various ways have made life worth living in an organized and highly developed society.

C. B. GILBERT.

ROCHESTER, N.Y.

INTRODUCTION.

ONCE, long ago, brave men thought that the noblest thing to do was to go about and fight other brave men like themselves, simply to show how well they could fight, and to win the praise of men and women.

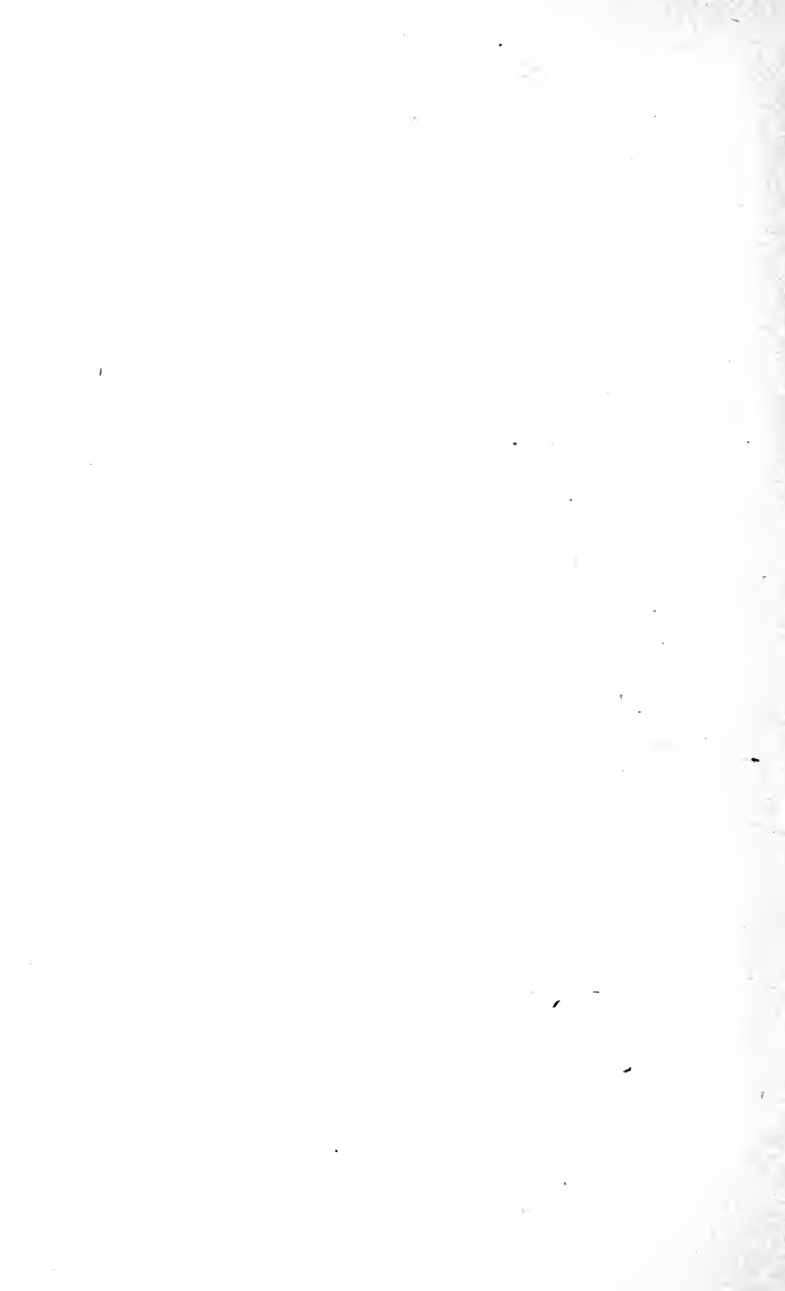
The men who thus went about fighting were called Knights Errant. They usually traveled on horseback, wore heavy armor made of steel to protect themselves from the blows of their opponents, and fought with swords and spears. In those days they had no guns, for gunpowder had not been invented. They fought for all sorts of reasons, but the most common one was "for their ladies' sake," each knight claiming that his lady-love was the fairest, the noblest, and the best in the world.

They all served some king, and when not wandering in search of a foe, they came back to his court. At these courts "tournaments" were often held, at which the knights fought one another for their honor, while the king and queen and the ladies of the court looked on and applauded the victors. The most famous of these kings were Arthur, king of the Britons, and Charlemagne, king of the French.

Marvelous and impossible stories were told of the wonderful deeds of these knights, and some of them, like the stories of the mythical heroes, have been put into beautiful poems. Some of these stories are told in this book.

NOTE.

THE stories in this book have been drawn, in the main, from "Le Roman de Merlin," edited by Sommer; the "Morte D'Arthur" of Sir Thomas Malory, edited by Sommer; and the "High History of the Holy Grail," translated by Sebastian Evans. Other sources also have been consulted. In some instances the original wording has been retained, in some it has been condensed, and in some changed altogether.



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I.

THE STORY OF ARTHUR.



1. THE STORY OF ARTHUR.

1. HOW ARTHUR WON HIS CROWN.

KING UTHUR PENDRAGON¹ had ruled over Britain for many years and waged many wars with his fierce enemies, but now his strength was failing. Some years before he fell grievously sick, he had married the Lady Igraine. To them had been born a little son, whom they called Arthur.

Very soon after the boy was born he had been given into the hands of Merlin to bring up. Now Merlin was a very wise man and the chief counselor of King Uther Pendragon. He put Arthur in the care of a knight of high degree named Sir Ector.² Sir Ector most gladly received the young prince into his castle, although he knew not who he was. In the household of Sir Ector Arthur was trained up to all honorable deeds such as become a good knight. When Uther Pendragon

¹ Uther Pendragon = Ū'-thèr Pen'-dra-gon.

² Ector = Ek'-tor.

fell sick, his enemies quickly took the opportunity to invade his lands and kill his people. His barons and knights knew not what to do, and in their distress they sent for Merlin.

“Sir,” said Merlin to the king, “you must get to the field, even if it be in a horse-litter; for never will your enemies be defeated unless you yourself are present. But if you do as I say, you shall have a great victory.”

Then the king had himself carried in a litter, and led a great host against his enemies, and King Uther Pendragon’s host met the host from the north and did mighty deeds. But of all the knights Sir Ulphius¹ and Sir Brastias² were the greatest and slew many, and the rest they put to flight. Then the king returned to London and made a noble feast.

After a little while the king became sick unto death, and he lay for three days and nights quite speechless. His people were much troubled, and again they asked counsel of the wise Merlin.

He said to them: “There is no remedy in this matter, but that God’s will be done. But look you that all the king’s barons be before him to-morrow, and God and I shall make him speak.”

¹ Ulphius = Ul’-fi-as.

² Brastias = Bras’-ti-as.

On the following day Merlin and the chief barons went in unto the king, and Merlin said, "Sire, shall your son Arthur be king after you?"

Then Uther Pendragon turned and said in the hearing of them all, "I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him to pray for my soul, and to claim the crown." After saying this he died. Then they made a royal funeral for the king, and Queen Igraine grieved very sorely.

After this the kingdom was in great peril, for every man thought of himself alone, and they that were powerful gathered all their men together, each hoping to be chosen king.

By the advice of Merlin, the Archbishop of Canterbury¹ summoned all the lords of the kingdom and all the men at arms to assemble in London at Christmas. He hoped that some miracle would happen then which would show to all the people who should be the rightful king of Britain.

The archbishop did all that Merlin had advised, and in the great church in London all the lords and barons assembled to pray. After their prayers were over, they found in the churchyard a great stone which they had not seen when they went in, and in the stone was standing a sword, sticking in

¹ Canterbury = Kan'-tér-ber-i.

by the point. On it was written in letters of gold, "Whosoever pulleth this sword out of this stone is the rightful king of Britain."

Such as longed and hoped to be king were quick to try to draw out the sword, but not one could make it stir. Then the archbishop commanded that ten knights should watch the sword, till he should come who was the rightful king. And so it was done, and a cry went up over all the land that all men should try to win the sword.

After this, in order that all the people might be kept together till the king came, a great tournament was made on New Year's Day, and the knights and barons tried their skill in joust and tourney.

Now it happened that many of the lands owned by Sir Ector lay near London, so on New Year's Day he rode into the city with Arthur, and his son Sir Kay.¹ As these three rode together Sir Kay found that he had left his sword behind at his father's lodging, and he asked Arthur to ride back and bring it.

"That I shall willingly do," said Arthur, and he rode back as fast as he could after the sword. When he got to the house he found it empty.

¹ Kay = Kā.

for every one had gone forth to see the jousting, and he could nowhere find the sword. At this Arthur was angry, and he said to himself, "My brother, Sir Kay, must have a sword this day," and he rode off to the churchyard.

When he came there, he saw that the ten knights were also gone to the jousting. Then he took hold of the sword by the handle, and "lightly and fiercely" he pulled it out of the stone, and rode away with it to his brother.

Sir Kay knew at once what sword this was, and took it to his father, saying, "Lo! here is the sword of the stone; I must be the king of this land."

When Sir Ector saw the sword, he rode back with Arthur and his son to the churchyard. There he made Sir Kay swear upon a book how he came by the sword.

He said to his father, "Sir, my brother Arthur brought it to me."

"How did you get the sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur; and Arthur told him.

Then said Sir Ector: "I understand! You are the king of this land."

"Wherefore?" said Arthur.

"It is the will of God," answered Sir Ector.

“Now show me if you can put back the sword, and draw it out again.”

So Arthur put back the sword as it had been in the stone. Then Sir Ector first made Sir Kay try to draw it out, but he could in no way make it stir; but Arthur pulled it out again easily. Then Sir Ector and Sir Kay kneeled down before Arthur.

“Alas,” said Arthur, “my own dear father and brother, why do you kneel to me?”

Then Sir Ector told him that he was no son of his, but that Merlin had brought him to them that he might be trained. Arthur was most sorrowful when he heard that Sir Ector was not his father.

“Sir,” said Sir Ector, “will you be my good and gracious lord when you are king?”

“I were much to blame,” said Arthur, “if I did otherwise, for to you and your good lady I owe much; for even as if I were her own son, has she fostered me and kept me. If indeed it be God’s will that I be king, whatever you shall ask of me, God forbid that I should fail you.”

“Sir,” answered Sir Ector, “I ask no more of you but only this, that you make Sir Kay your seneschal.”

“That will I do most gladly,” said Arthur, “and

more, for none but he shall have that office as long as he and I do live."

Then they three went to the archbishop and told him how the sword had been won and by whom. On the twelfth day all the barons came again together to try the sword, but none could draw it from the stone but Arthur. At this all the lords were very angry. "It would indeed be shame to all this land," they said, "to be ruled by a lad not high-born." No agreement could be made with them, and the matter was put off till the Feast of Pentecost.

When the Feast of Pentecost had come, all men who would tried to draw out the sword; but none were able, only Arthur, and he pulled it lightly out in the sight of all the lords and the commons. Therefore all the commons cried out: "We will have Arthur for our king. We will have no more delays; it is God's will that he should have the crown, and whoso is any more against it, we will slay him." Then they all kneeled down and prayed Arthur to forgive them for having opposed him so long.

Arthur forgave them willingly, and taking the sword in both his hands, he brought it to the altar where the archbishop was, in order that he might

receive his blessing. And then Arthur received knighthood at the hands of the highest man present.

Splendid were the preparations for his coronation. And when he had been solemnly crowned, Arthur swore to the lords and barons that he would be their true king and that he would stand on the side of justice all his days. And he commanded those lords and barons who had held aloof to come and do him homage.

2. THE BATTLE OF CARLEON.

After these events King Arthur went into Wales and prepared a great feast, and he sent word through all the land that the feast would be held, after he had been crowned again, in the city of Carleon.¹

There were present in answer to the king's summons King Lot of Lothian² and Orkney,³ the husband of King Arthur's sister, with five hundred knights; King Urience⁴ of Gore with four hundred; King Neutres⁵ of Garloth⁶ with seven hundred;

¹ Carleon = Kär'-lē-on.

² Lothian = Lō'-thi-ān.

³ Orkney = Ork'-ni.

⁴ Urience = Ū'-ri-ens.

⁵ Neutres = Nū'-tr.

⁶ Garloth = Gär'-loth.



RUINS OF KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE IN WALES.



the king of Scotland with six hundred ; the king of Carados¹ with five hundred ; and the King of an Hundred Knights. There were in all, knights and soldiers, about thirty thousand men. A very gallant array they made, as they marched into Carleon with horses prancing and banners waving.

King Arthur was very glad of their coming, because he thought that they had come for love of him, and he sent rich presents to both kings and knights. But the haughty men only flouted his messengers, and said to them: "We will have none of the gifts of a beardless boy of low birth. Shame would it be to us, and to this great land, to have such a boy to rule over us."

The messengers returned again to Arthur with the gifts, and told him what those proud lords had said. For this cause, by the advice of Merlin and such barons as were true to him, Arthur betook himself to a strong and safe tower outside the walls of the city. There went with him five hundred faithful knights. The unruly lords at once laid siege to Arthur's stronghold, but he was well supplied with food, and so able to withstand them.

When about fifteen days had passed, Merlin entered the city of Carleon, to the great joy of the

¹ Carados = Kär'-a-dos.

rebellious kings. They asked him, saying, "Why is this beardless boy made king?"

"Sirs, I will tell you; because he is the son of the great Uther Pendragon, and I say he shall be king and overcome all his enemies. Before he dies he shall have under his rule Britain, north and south, Wales, Scotland, and many other realms."

Some of the kings were astounded at what Merlin told them and would have joined with King Arthur; but King Lot of Orkney and some others laughed Merlin to scorn and called him a wizard, and would have nothing to do with him. But before he left them, they agreed with Merlin that Arthur should come out and speak to them in safety.

Then Merlin went to King Arthur and told him what he had arranged. "Come out boldly," he said to the king, "and do not spare them, but answer them as befits their king and chieftain. In the end you shall overcome them all, whether they will or not."

Then King Arthur came out of his tower. Underneath his robes he wore a coat of double mail, strong and sure. With him went the archbishop, Sir Bondwine,¹ Sir Kay the Seneschal, and Sir Brastias.

¹ Bondwine = Bond'-win.

When they met the rebel kings, there were but few words of kindness spoken. They greeted each other proudly. King Arthur said he would make them bow to him if he lived, and they were very angry and left him in a rage. So Arthur returned to his tower and all his armed men with him.

Merlin went again to the rebels and asked them what they would do now. "You had better cease your fighting, for if you were ten times the number, you would not prevail," said he.

Then answered King Lot, "Shall we be shamed by a reader of dreams?" With this Merlin vanished suddenly from them and came to King Arthur and told him to set on them fiercely.

And Arthur was comforted, for three hundred of the most valiant men among the rebel kings came to him to be his men. Merlin said to the king, "Fight not with the sword that brought you the kingdom till you see that you are getting the worse, but then draw it out and do your uttermost."

Then King Arthur and all his knights went forth quickly and set on his enemies while they were yet in their tents. Sir Bondwine, Sir Kay, and Sir Brastias slew on the right hand and on the left in mighty fashion. But always King Arthur on

horseback laid about him with his sword, and did wondrous deeds that day. Many rejoiced in his skill and great courage.

King Lot and King Carados went round with their men and set on Arthur in the rear fiercely; but Arthur and his knights slew all they met, behind and before. Arthur was ever found in the hardest press of the battle till his horse was killed under him. When King Lot saw this he fell on Arthur and smote him down, but four of Arthur's knights raised him and set him on a horse again.

Then King Arthur, with a mighty shout, drew his shining sword. It flashed so brightly in the faces of his enemies that it gave a light as of thirty torches, and with it he slew many men. At this all the commons of Carleon joined themselves with Arthur, and, armed with clubs and staves, they killed many of his enemies. The rebel kings held together with their knights that remained alive, and fled from the field.

3. THE FAMOUS FIGHT AT BEDINGRAN.

King Arthur returned to London and called a great council of his knights. But they did not

know what should be done, and so Arthur said to them, "Fair sirs, will ye hear Merlin?" and they all consented gladly. Now Merlin knew that all the rebels would quickly gather together with all their men at arms to avenge themselves on Arthur.

When he had been called to the council, Merlin addressed them, saying, "King Arthur and all ye mighty barons, I warn you all that your enemies are some of the most renowned knights alive. Already, in their preparations, they have won over to them four more kings and a great and mighty duke. If King Arthur had more chivalry around him, he might very well fight them in his own realm, but now if he fights, he will surely be overcome. Beyond the seas are two brothers, good knights both, who before time lived in Britain. One is called King Ban of Benoic¹ and the other King Bors² of Gaul. They wage war with King Claudas of the Desert, who would dispossess them of their lands. Let our king send two trusty knights to bear a message to them, saying, 'Come over and help us, and we will return and fight your enemies.' What say you to my words?"

"It is well thought of," said they all; and in

¹ Benoic = Bē-nō'-ik.

² Bors = Bôrs.

great haste Sir Ulphius and Sir Brastias were made the messengers.

These two brave knights succeeded in their mission and brought back with them King Ban and King Bors. King Arthur made very magnificent preparations to meet them. After a great feast and a tournament the king held a council in his palace, and it was determined what they should do.

King Arthur should send orders to all parts of his kingdom, that those who of right were his men should assemble in the Forest of Bedingran.¹ All the barons and lords and knights should bring with them their attendant knights and men at arms, mounted and unmounted. Merlin should go over into Little Britain, there to raise an army of the men of King Ban and King Bors, and to confer with their seneschals as to the safety of their queens and their lands while their lords remained with Arthur.

Then Merlin, with the seal ring of King Ban, went to the principal cities of King Ban and King Bors, and he collected from all the country round ten thousand chosen men; and when all was ready, he departed with many rich presents from the

¹ Bedingran = Bed'-ing-ran.

queens. Then Merlin came to the seashore and set sail with the army for Britain.

While Merlin was away King Arthur busied himself, with the aid of his knights and barons, in raising a great army. When he had gotten more than ten thousand men and horses, he sent them to the Forest of Bedingran. Then he set guards at all the passes and on all the highways.

The eleven kings had been very angry at their defeat at Carleon, and were more determined than ever to resist King Arthur. They had met in solemn conclave, and they and all their knights and men at arms had sworn a solemn oath that they would destroy King Arthur and his knights, and drive them from the kingdom.

To this end they had drawn up an immense army near the great Forest of Bedingran. Their army numbered in all forty thousand men, and they felt very sure of their success over the "young, beardless boy." They knew that Arthur was preparing to meet them, and they sent spies throughout the land, trying to find out where his army was.

When Merlin arrived with the army he had brought, Sir Ulphius said to him, "If the rebel kings lay hold on you, they will slay you, for they

have sworn to destroy you for giving aid to King Arthur."

"They do rightly," said Merlin; "for they have no greater enemy than I am, nor one who will do them more harm than I, while they fight against their rightful overlord. Great caution must we use in fighting them. They lie near by the forest, forty thousand strong, and not one man can we spare of our small army."

Then Merlin came to King Arthur and said: "Know, sire, because you are a very young man, and you have a very great kingdom to rule over, and your barons help you scarcely at all, save such as loved King Uther Pendragon, the rest of the people would soon turn from you, were it not for the royal state and magnificence that you maintain and the many gifts you give to them. Here, under this spot where you stand, lies buried a very great treasure, which you will do wisely to guard well, till such time as you can bring it away safely."

Soon after this King Arthur and his friends were sitting near a beautiful clear fountain, when Merlin came to them and said: "Sirs, it is time to fall upon your enemies. But the host must move secretly by night and make the first attack

two hours before the dawn. Let us order things in such a fashion that not a soul may know beforehand any of our plans. They are a mighty host of men, and we are but a handful."

Then, with beating heart, King Arthur set his host in battle array. They started soon after sundown. The night was clear, with a bright moon, and very still, but bitter cold, for it was the month of January. Under the shadow of the deep forest they stole silently into the positions the king had designed for them.

The order of the battle was that Arthur's division should lead the attack and fall on the enemy while they were yet in their tents. After they had fought till they were weary, reënforcements were to come up under the brothers, King Ban and King Bors, and finish the battle if possible, without leaving their enemies time to rally.

The army of the eleven rebel kings was twice as large as King Arthur's, but they were far from their homes. They did not yet know where King Arthur was, and they had not the least idea that he was so near to them. Yet they did not even set guards or sentries, so careless and confident had their great number made them.

The eleven kings all slept together in one great

tent. King Lot of Orkney had a very terrible dream, so that he cried out in his sleep. He dreamed that there came a terrible wind that blew down all the houses and steeples. This was followed by fearful thunder and lightning. After this came a great flood that washed everything away. He awoke his fellows in the tent, and asked them what they thought of his dream. They were all filled with fear and trembling, and they took counsel together and armed themselves; for they said, "There is coming a great and marvelous battle, and we must be ready."

Now Merlin, who knew so many things, knew about this dream, so he hastened the coming of Arthur's men. Long before the rebel kings could warn their host, Arthur's men were upon them. It was dark, for the moon had set; and there rose a great cry in the rebel host of: "Treason! Treason! Some traitor has betrayed us."

Then there was rushing to and fro, men in their haste seizing what arms they could lay hands on. Horses galloped here and there, dashing about in the wildest fear, and trampling down their masters. Then came a great wind which blew down the tents, and men got entangled in their sheets and in the tents; and a dense fog came stealing up

which hid friend from friend, so that all were foes together. Some, in the fright and darkness, thought that a host of giants had fallen on them, and ran for their lives, while others wandered about, half crazy with fear, moaning and crying, and wringing their hands. And Arthur's men fell on all they found, and killed them right and left.

Now the rebel kings had left their tent and stationed themselves in the open field. They commanded that a trumpeter should sound a great blast, high and clear, so that their frightened host might rally to their standards outside the camp. When such as could clear themselves finally made their way to the place where the rebel kings stood, they found that of all the great host only twenty thousand had been able to come together.

By this time the morning light had come, and King Arthur had drawn off his men. He and Sir Kay and Merlin debated what was best to do. Then Merlin said: "Sire, go round with Sir Ulphius and pass the river by a ford that lies lower down, and fall on the front of the twenty thousand men remaining to them. I will go to King Ban and King Bors, and bring them through the forest to attack the enemy in the rear. They

will be sore afraid when they see your allies behind them and you and your men in front, and they will make but a poor defense against you.”

Then King Arthur rode off with his own division to cross the little river, on the other side of which the rebels had re-formed their army. When they saw the king, at the head of his men, passing the river with horses prancing and banners waving, they knew not what to think. “Can such a small host have done us so much hurt?” they cried. “They are only a few thousand, and we are still twenty thousand.” And they were angry and ashamed.

They held themselves in such close array that when Arthur came up, he could not penetrate their ranks, on this side or on that. Soon Sir Ulphius came to join Arthur, and then Sir Bretel,¹ and they made such an onslaught that their enemies had much to do to defend themselves. Then they all fell to fighting furiously, man with man, and fierce were the attacks on both sides. Men came together and did such deeds that their companions marveled.

The horse of Sir Ulphius was killed under him, and he would have been trodden in the press had

¹ Bretel = Brē'-tel.

not Sir Bretel seen his danger and slain the knight he was fighting with. Then he took the enemy's horse and gave it to Sir Ulphius. Men fought as if they had been mad with rage and anger, but between friends each was ever ready to risk his life for the other. It would be of little use to single out one or two and tell their deeds, when each one fought so bravely, and there was no distinction between men of high estate and low. All men said that the young King Arthur surpassed all others in valor, and even the foe paid a tribute to his lion-hearted courage.

Now King Lot and the rebel kings, when they found that they could make no headway against King Arthur, withdrew together to take counsel. "I know not," said King Lot, "the mind of each one of you, but this I know, that as long as four or five men are left, I will fight to the death, for I fear me the day is lost." The rest had little to say, for they thought the same.

"I will tell you," continued King Lot, "what we can do. Five of our leaders shall take their men and shall return to the battle. Six of us will remain here and hold ourselves ready. When the foe is weary with fighting, we will fall on them. By this we shall do them greater damage than if

we all together fall on them at one time. With our men we will hold ourselves ready by this wood near this little river."

Then the other six kings galloped to the field again, each at the head of two thousand men. King Arthur and his knights were eager to fall on them, and met them, and again the weary fighting went on.

Now while this battle was raging in the field, King Lot and the kings with him were astounded to see coming from the wood behind them King Bors and King Ban with their men. Their banners were gleaming and their horses were prancing and champing their bits, for they were not weary with fighting as were King Arthur and his knights. King Lot said: "I fear me, now, that we shall be beaten indeed. There are no two brothers living more valiant and renowned."

When King Ban and his brother rode into the field of battle, they laid about them so fiercely that their strokes resounded far and near. The rebel knights drew closer together and were afraid. Then King Lot and the rest rode into the field again to rescue their companions.

King Carados and the King of an Hundred Knights had a mighty encounter with Ban and

Bors. They fought together till the valiant brothers were both dismounted. Then King Lot and the others surrounded them, thinking now to get the better of them. But King Arthur, who, though weary, was ever to be found where his help was the most needed, came up, and, singling out a knight most richly armed, gave him such a blow on the helmet that he drove the knight off his horse to the ground, dead. Then he took the horse by his golden bridle and rode up with him to King Ban, who lightly disentangled himself from his enemies and mounted. Sir Ulphius did the like for King Bors. .

By this time so many had been slain that the rebel host lost heart, and knowing not which way to turn, they fled wildly in all directions. It soon became a general rout, but the rebel kings rode slowly from the field and made a final stand at the river, trying to cover the retreat of their beaten army. .

By this victory Arthur was firmly established on the throne, and in the years that followed, most of the rebel kings at one time or another became reconciled to him as their overlord.

After returning thanks for this great victory, the three kings made their way with the army to

London. All round the city in the meadows great tents and pavilions were pitched for the men at arms. All the townspeople swarmed out from the city to greet them, and there was great feasting and rejoicing for many days.

Arthur gave command that all the treasure that had been collected from the camp and battle-field, after the flight of the rebels, should be gathered in one great heap. Then the three kings distributed it to their men, according to their degree. They gave away the war horses with their accouterments, the rich armor, and the gold and silken cloth, till there was none left for themselves. And the people returned to their homes well contented, and ready to come forth and fight for Arthur whenever he should call them, for he was a great warrior and a generous king.

4. THE ROMANS AND THE SAXONS SEND AMBASSADORS.

While King Arthur held his court at London, the Emperor of Rome sent to him demanding tribute money and homage from him as overlord of the land of Britain. But Arthur, after calmly debat-

ing with his great lords and barons, said: "I owe the emperor no tribute, nor do I hold my realm under him. On a fair field will I pay tribute with a long spear and a sharp sword, and, by the soul of my father, Uther Pendragon, it will not be long before I pay this to him." The ambassadors departed very wroth.

There came a very different message of defiance to King Arthur from the Saxons, which, as we shall see, led, curiously enough, to his falling in love with the beautiful Guinevere. As he was sitting at meat with his barons and knights, a bold and swaggering man came into the great hall.

"Fellow, what will you here?" said the king.

"I greet you, Sir King, from my lord King Rions,¹ and this is the message I bear: King Rions has overcome eleven kings, and each one of them has done him homage. This was the homage they did him. They gave him their beards flayed from their faces. With these King Rions has trimmed his mantle, but there lacks one place without any beard; wherefore do you, Arthur, send him yours. If not, he will enter your lands and burn and slay, and never leave till he has the head with the beard on it."

¹ Rions = Ry'-ons.

Arthur and his court laughed long and loudly, for he was too young yet to have a beard. Then Arthur said to the messenger: "Tell thy king this: I owe him no homage, nor shall I pay him any, but on his knees shall he do homage to me, or else he shall lose his head. This is the most shameful message that ever I heard speak of."

Soon after this King Arthur came to Merlin and said to him: "My lords and barons will leave me no peace, but say that I must take a wife. Aid me with your wisdom, for I know no maid whom I would wish to wed."

And Merlin said, "Let us talk of it with King Ban and King Bors."

When they were come, Merlin said: "There lives to the northward a great king whose name is Leodgrance.¹ He has a very rich kingdom, and King Rions fights against him. If it were not for the Knights of the Round Table that Uther Pendragon gave him, long before this he would have been overcome, for he is very old. He has one daughter, the damsel Guinevere²; she is more beautiful, and wise, and rich, than any other maid in the land, and very well she will suit King Arthur for

¹ Leodgrance = Lē-od'-grans.

² Guinevere = Guin'-e-vēr.

a wife. Go ye, all three, and fight the battles of King Leodgrance for him, and Arthur shall see Guinevere."

At first King Ban and King Bors objected. They thought it not wise to remain so long away from their own kingdoms, but Merlin showed them how much stronger they would be with the alliance of both Arthur and the rich King Leodgrance. "One must take a long run if one wishes to jump far," said Merlin. "If we do as I say, it will not be time lost."

"We will be advised by thee," said they. "For never have we found a wiser man than thou."

5. HOW ARTHUR WON HIS WIFE.

Then Arthur, Ban, Bors, and a chosen band of knights led by Merlin set out for the country of King Leodgrance. On Easter eve they arrived at Carmelhide¹ and entered the city. They rode to the palace of King Leodgrance, whom they found in a state of great dismay. King Rions had entered his lands in company with five great barons, and had laid siege to his rich and beautiful

¹ Carmelhide = Kär'-mel-hīd.

city of Daneblaise.¹ Leodgrance was sitting with a company of his barons whom he had summoned to the council chamber, when Arthur and his friends arrived at the palace. When they were ushered in, King Leodgrance saw at a glance that they must be mighty lords, so noble was their bearing and so gentle and courteous were their manners.

King Ban became the spokesman. "Sire," he said, bowing low, "take us to be your men."

"In good sooth, ye are welcome if ye come on a good errand."

"Truly, sire, we will prove it by our deeds. Suffer us to withhold our names till such time as we have proved ourselves. We come here to serve you, and loyal are we and true."

Leodgrance replied, "I will confer with my barons; if they are agreed, I will gladly accept your help."

Then he consulted with the Knights of the Round Table, whether the strangers should be received or not. His knights replied, "Sire, to keep them with us can do no harm, for we can see they are full knightly in their bearing."

So Leodgrance came to them and said, "Gentle knights, gladly will I accept your help, and I pray

¹ Daneblaise = Dan'-ē-blāz.

you by the love I bear you, to let us know your names as soon as may be." Then the allied kings were full of joy, and swore to help Leodgrance to the best of their power.

King Leodgrance gave commands that his army should be assembled by Ascension Day, and some of his barons he sent out to collect provisions, that there might be no lack. Then followed busy days for all. Merlin was sometimes with Arthur, and sometimes he left him for days at a time. He visited all parts of the kingdom that he might bring tidings to Arthur of all that went on.

King Leodgrance and his knights set their war harness in order and all their weapons. All day long, and at night too, might be heard the clang of steel and iron as the armorers worked, strengthening rivets and bolts and sharpening spears and swords. All the people in Carmelhide who could carry arms and all the country people gathered in such numbers that seven thousand were lodged within the city gates, and outside the walls in tents and pavilions were forty thousand more of horse and foot soldiers.

Then word was brought to King Leodgrance that his enemies were carrying off the provisions from the country-side and burning the crops and

houses. They came so near the city that the cries of the men and the animals they were driving away could be heard within the walls. Then King Leodgrance was angry and gave command that the army should march at once.

Cleodalis,¹ the seneschal, led the army of the people, and with them rode the city knights. Before them was carried the great gonfalon or banner of their king. Leodgrance himself rode with a separate band, the Knights of the Round Table. They numbered two hundred and fifty men, and carried before them the little scarlet gonfalon of their king — a field sown with golden crowns, and crossed with two long stripes of scarlet.

The allied kings were not behindhand in their preparations, but quickly made ready with all their company. Merlin himself carried Arthur's standard. Many wondered when they looked at it, for it bore a great dragon with a writhing body, and from his open jaws he thrust his tongue, spitting fire. With banner waving in their midst, and all in flashing armor, horse and man, they made a brave show, not to be outdone by that of the venerable King Leodgrance and his lusty knights.

¹ Cleodalis = Klē-o'-dā-lis.

By the orders of Leodgrance the army had assembled within the city walls, and when they came to the gates, they found them closed against the enemy. Now Merlin, with the three allied kings, wanted to be the first in the field. The guards would not open the gates without the orders of Leodgrance, and so Merlin, leaving the three kings to parley with the guards, walked to the gates and laid his hand on them—and lo! they flew open at once. Before the guards could recover from their astonishment, Arthur's company passed through and the gates closed behind them.

King Arthur, King Ban, and King Bors, and the knights with them were as much astonished as any one; but Merlin cried aloud the battle-cry of King Arthur, and as one man they galloped at the enemy. They came up with a band of nearly two thousand men, who were driving off a number of beasts. Then Merlin waved the flaming banner high, and Arthur's company fell upon the foe. After they had wounded and slain the greater part, the rest made off, and Arthur's men turned the cattle and drove them toward the city.

By this time the Saxons, with King Rions of the red beard at their head, had drawn up their army in force, fifteen thousand men in all. They

had with them great quantities of spoil which they had hoped to carry off.

King Leodgrance, meanwhile, saw what was happening, and commanded that the city gates should be thrown open. At the head of his knights he issued forth, followed by Cleodalis leading the great army.

King Arthur, when he saw how he was to be supported, turned and faced the army of the Saxons. The two armies came together with a terrific clash. Arthur and his knights performed prodigies of valor, nor did King Leodgrance and his knights do less. The slaughter for a while was terrible. When there came a pause in the fight, it was seen that in the turmoil King Leodgrance had been separated from his friends, and thrown down and taken prisoner.

Now Leodgrance had, as we have heard, a beautiful daughter called Guinevere. Many people said that she was the most beautiful woman in all the world. She and her favorite maidens had stationed themselves on the walls of the city, whence they could easily see what was taking place. She had watched with curious interest the prowess of the unknown knights; but now with a shriek of horror she saw her beloved old father

thrown from his horse and a prisoner in the hands of his cruel enemies. Five hundred of them quickly gathered round him to take him off to the camp of King Rions.

When the Knights of the Round Table saw what had happened, they were desperate. Taking counsel together, they resolved that, now they had lost their king, all that remained for them was to die valiantly, for rescue him they could not. At the first they had numbered only two hundred and fifty; many had been killed in the furious fighting, and those who remained were hemmed in by hordes of the enemy. They set themselves back to back and defended themselves so fiercely, that a great wall of dying and dead enemies lay all around where the last of the knights still stood.

Now Arthur had been doing great deeds on another part of the battle-field. He and his little band of forty knights had joined themselves with Cleodalis and his four thousand soldiers, and were furiously attacking the fifteen thousand Saxons. The field was strewn with the dead bodies of men and of horses. Merlin, meanwhile, had seen what happened to Leodgrance and his company. He rode up and told King Arthur, and immediately the

king and his knights galloped after the band of five hundred Saxons who were carrying off King Leodgrance.

They came up with them in a little valley between the rocks, and it was as if a sudden tempest had struck them, for Arthur shouted to his company, "Sirs, kill them all at once ; ye are all dead men if a single one escapes us." Like a whirlwind they rushed on the five hundred, raging back and forth among them till not one remained alive, and so King Leodgrance was saved.

When he glanced around at the slaughter they had made, Leodgrance marveled ; and yet more he marveled when he saw the standard that Merlin bore. From the mouth of the great coiled, writhing dragon leapt great tongues of flame, so that the whole field was lighted up by the blaze of light. Now Guinevere from the walls had seen all this battle.

Then Arthur said : "Gentle companions, we must not rest. Still there remain in sore peril the Knights of the Round Table." So they went swiftly back and found scarce twenty remaining. It was difficult for their friends to reach and rescue them, so surrounded were they with great heaps of slain.

Then they all entered the fight again. The Seneschal Cleodalis proved himself a mighty warrior, as did many another at this terrible battle. Once again poor old King Leodgrance was nearly taken, but Arthur came to his rescue and killed the Saxon foe. When Guinevere saw this, she was overcome with joy, and she and her ladies wept and prayed and blessed the stranger knights who had done such noble deeds that day. At last, after many an hour of weary watching, Guinevere saw the Saxons fleeing in all directions, and she knew that for this time at least the savage foe was conquered.

The tired army turned back toward the city, and mothers, wives, and maidens prepared baths, and fair garments, and rich food to rest and refresh them. But there was wailing and great sorrow for those who would return no more.

The Princess Guinevere and her maidens attended to the wants of the stranger knights. When they had been clothed in beautiful robes after their bath in the marble baths, they all went to the feast spread out for them in the great banqueting hall. The Lady Guinevere herself served Arthur at the table, and Arthur thought that she was the fairest, stateliest maiden

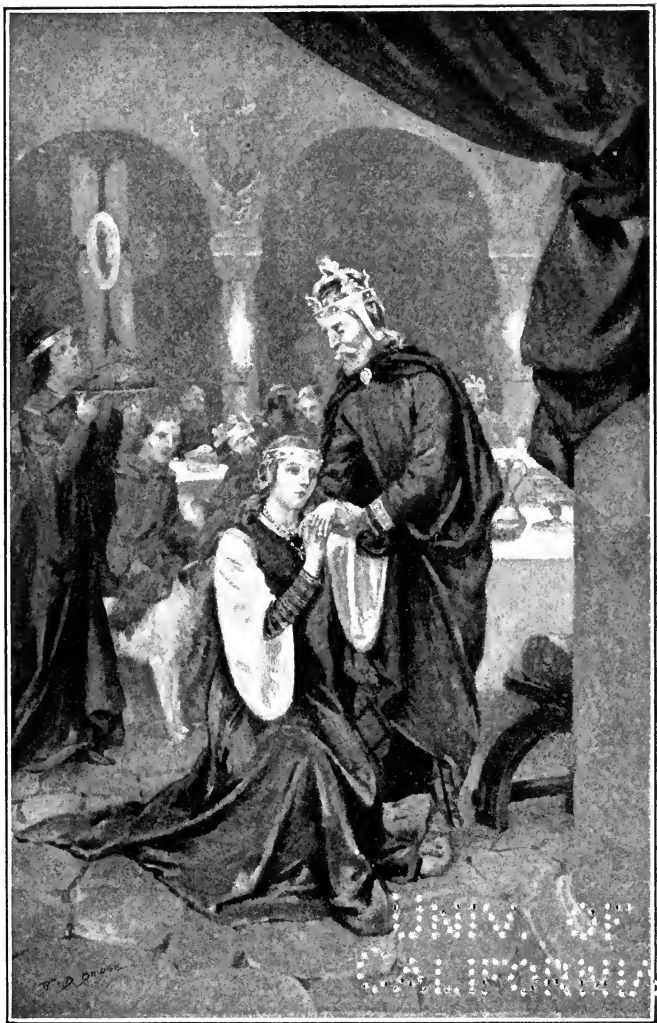
his eyes had ever rested on. Then Guinevere fell on her knees before him and thanked him in sweet words for saving the life of her father; but Arthur raised her and would not let her kneel to him. His heart swelled at her gracious speech, and ever after he loved her. And we may well believe that she loved him.

When the men had well feasted, they rose from the table and went into another great hall. Here minstrels sang to them of the deeds of their fathers, and of their fathers' fathers before them in other days. They sang of love and adventure, and even of the great deeds done in this battle.

6. BETROTHAL OF ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE.

Now King Leodgrance and all his people wondered much who these noble strangers could be. The next day he sent for Merlin and asked of him their names. Merlin said, "These knights are men of very high lineage, sons of kings. He who is first among them rides on his adventures, till such time as he shall encounter the daughter of a king worthy to be his wife."

Then said King Leodgrance: "Well I see that



"BUT ARTHUR RAISED HER."

these be men of high estate, and men more gentle and courteous and hardy have I never seen. Willingly would I give my daughter to one as these. She is most beautiful, and the best instructed and the wisest maid ever born in these realms. After me, all my rich lands and cattle and royal treasures will be hers, for she is the heir of all my lands."

Merlin replied, "Very happy will my lord be, for much he regards your daughter."

Then King Leodgrance bade Guinevere don her richest robes, and, taking her by the hand, he led her into the chamber wherein were assembled Arthur and his friends, the few remaining Knights of the Round Table, and all the mighty princes, lords, and barons that had come to aid King Leodgrance in his war against the Saxons.

When King Leodgrance appeared in the great hall leading his daughter by the hand, King Arthur and his friends came forward to meet them. Then King Leodgrance spoke to Arthur in a loud voice that could be heard throughout the hall. "Gentle stranger, I know not your name, but this I know: never have I seen before a gentler or more courteous knight than you, nor one more courageous. Gladly I give to you my beloved and cherished

daughter to be your true wife." Saying this, he laid the hand of Guinevere in that of Arthur. Then they two were solemnly betrothed before all the assembled company.

After this Merlin said to King Leodgrance, "Sire, would you not gladly know the name of this stranger to whom you have given your daughter?"

"Truly," said King Leodgrance, "and that would we all."

"Then know," said Merlin, "this is King Arthur, your overlord, and overlord of all the realm of Britain."

Then there was such joy and feasting at Carmelhide as had never been known until that day. And all the princes and barons and lords did homage and swore fealty to King Arthur.

7. KING ARTHUR FIGHTS WITH KING RIONS.

Hardly was this joyful event over when King Leodgrance and his guests had to take themselves to war again. The Saxons were overrunning the land in great hordes and threatening the whole realm. A fresh division was made of the army

into ten great bands under ten men of great renown — seventy-seven thousand men in all.

Before they left the city a farewell feast was given to the leaders by the Princess Guinevere. After it was over, with her own hands she buckled on the armor of King Arthur. Then Merlin said, "Sir, like the deftest of squires, she has armed you at all points ; there is but one thing lacking before you leave." Then Arthur clasped his fair betrothed in his mailed arms and kissed her very tenderly, and took his departure.

It would take too long to follow the details of the conflict. The struggle was fierce, for the Saxons were ferocious fighters and knew no mercy. After long hours King Rions saw that the battle was going against him. Mad with fury, he rode at King Arthur, who was always the most notable figure on the field. He drew his wonderful sword, and rushed on Arthur like a mad bull. He dealt him a terrific blow on the head, but the trusty helmet, buckled on by the slender fingers of Guinevere, withstood the stroke. In return Arthur dealt Rions such a blow on the shoulder that the sword fell from the Saxon's hand. Then the gigantic Rions gave a roar of rage, and, dashing at Arthur, tried to drag him from the saddle by brute force.

When Arthur felt the furious strength of his powerful foe, he threw his sword from him and grasped his saddle with all his might, for he feared that his adversary would hurl him to the ground. Then Rions dragged and tore at Arthur, and they two swayed backward and forward in their saddles. But Rions could not unseat his enemy.

King Ban saw the fierce struggle, and, fearing for Arthur's life, — for Rions was raging like a maniac, — he rode full speed at them. When Rions saw King Ban coming, he redoubled his efforts, but without success. Ban struck a mighty blow with his sword and cut down right through the shoulder and side of King Rions. When Rions felt himself so badly wounded and saw all his companions lying dead on the ground, he was seized with fear, and, giving a howl of rage, he set spurs into his horse, and suddenly turned and fled from the field of battle. As he went, he yelled back curses and threats of dire revenge on Arthur for this day's disaster.

Arthur and Ban looked at each other in amazement, for this was not the true knight's way of fighting; but they were happy to be alive and out of the power of the terrible Saxon. Then they rested and Arthur dismounted, and, unbuckling his

own scabbard, seized the sword of King Rions. He brandished it in the air, marveling at its wondrous flashing brightness. Then Arthur took his own sword and buckled it on King Ban, who graciously thanked his friend, and prayed that the time might come when he could prove that his new sword had no unworthy owner.

When the horrible slaughter was over, King Leodgrance returned to the city; but King Arthur and King Ban and King Bors departed toward London, each with a band of men, to clear the country of the Saxons who still roved about after the battle. They had many and surprising adventures, which are to be found in the old books, but we must pass them over. Finally they met together again in the Forest of Bedingran. Well pleased were they to see each other. They camped in a fair green glade in the forest, under a spreading tree near a little stream of clear and sparkling water, where they rested and told one another their adventures.

8. ARTHUR WINS FRIENDS.

There had been sad happenings at London while Arthur was away. The Saxons had come and

ravaged the land, burning and destroying all the countryside and all the shipping on the river. But assistance had come from a band of young warriors who called themselves "The Children."

When The Children heard that King Arthur was advancing to his city of London, they rode out with a great company to meet him. The day was hot and the roads were dusty, as happens sometimes in the month of May. All the company were weary, for they had been obliged to travel in full armor, they and their horses, because of the wandering bands of Saxons. When they were come to the forest, they saw a company of knights under the trees. The leader of The Children said, "Fair sirs, can you tell me where to find King Arthur?"

When the knights looked at The Children, they were astonished, and said to each other, "Such fair and beautiful and courteous youths must be men of high lineage." They greeted them very kindly and said, "Gentle squires, there under that spreading tree near by the little stream you will find the king and his company."

Hand in hand the band of youths came to where the king was, and kneeled down and saluted Arthur and his companions. One spoke for the rest, say-

ing: "Sire, I have come with my brothers and cousins and relatives to you as our liege lord. These others with me are men, high princes and great lords, who would fain receive knighthood from your hands, for we have heard of all your knightly prowess. All this company will serve you truly if you will accept our services. While you have been far from your own land, we have guarded it for you, and these have helped us. To the best of our might we have proved ourselves your liege men and true."

When King Arthur heard them speak in this courteous fashion, he took them each by the hand, saluting them. He asked their leader who they were that thus addressed him. He replied, "Dear lord, first we would know if you accept our service, and then we will tell you who we are."

Then Arthur said, "Dear, sweet friends, I will most gladly accept your service, and with mine own hand I will bestow knighthood on you, and you shall be my dear friends and companions." The Children and their following knelt on their knees and thanked the king.

Then Arthur took the leader by the hand and raised him, and said, "Now, good friends and companions, tell me who you are, that I may know."

“Sire,” said he, “I am called Gawain,¹ and these are my brothers, and we are the sons of King Lot of Orkney. Our mother has told us that she is your sister. She is sad because of the war your barons have made upon you, and desires much that our father be reconciled with you. For many months we fought with him against the Saxons, the enemies of the whole realm. Now we, The Children, have joined ourselves and have come away secretly to London. We have fought again with the Saxons whom we found there, and have held your city safe for you against their ravaging. These princes and lords whom you see here with us have come from far distant lands to London, where we all thought to find you—for your fame has gone abroad in all lands. When you hold your court in London, we pray you make us knights. From no man’s hand but yours will we ever take this honor. We come to do you homage as the overlord of Britain.”

Then Gawain led each man singly to King Arthur, and gave each his name and his titles. Arthur’s heart was glad within him because of this goodly company; and the followers of Arthur made The Children welcome, and they

¹ Gawain = Gä-wān’.

told one another of all the doings in the wars they had been waging.

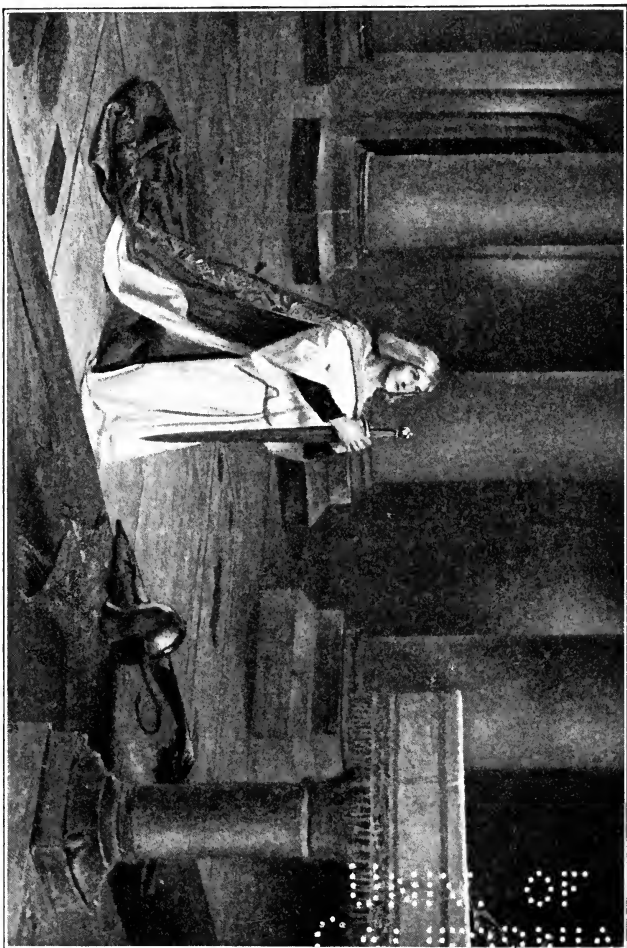
When Arthur had talked long with Gawain, he threw his arm around his neck and said, "Dear lad and fair nephew, friend after my own heart, be thou the constable of all my estates, and the heir of all my lands, highest lord in my kingdom after me." And, all through the stormy beginning of his reign, and afterward when there was peace in the land, and again when the time of treason came and war broke out once more in Britain, King Arthur loved Gawain, and Gawain loved Arthur and was true to him and to his noble fellowship of the Round Table. Never a shadow of misunderstanding or distrust darkened the close love of these two friends.

Then the gallant company mounted on their horses and rode away to London. They went to the great palace which had all been strewn with fresh, sweetly smelling herbs, and hung round with beautiful silken embroideries. Hanging out from the walls were the battle-stained banners of the knights of old. Flowers and herbs strewn thick on the streets sent up a delicious fragrance, as they were crushed by the feet of the horses leaping and prancing in that gay and glittering procession.

When Arthur arrived at the palace, he found, waiting to meet him, his sister, the mother of Gawain. They kissed and embraced each other with great joy. When they all had bathed and robed themselves, they entered the hall and sat at meat, rejoicing after their long journey through the hot and dusty roads. The evening was cool and pleasant, and the odors from the sweet spring herbs and flowers filled the air. Gay and happy parties strolled in the streets for hours, singing and rejoicing that King Arthur had returned.

That very night King Arthur ordained that The Children and their companions should keep watch in the great church over their arms. All night, clad in white garments, they prayed before the altar. With them watched and prayed also King Ban and King Bors; and it was the fifteenth day after Pentecost.

The following day, after a solemn mass, before all the knights and princes there assembled, King Arthur took his good sword, which he had drawn from the stone in the churchyard before he was the king, and buckled it round Gawain. Then he buckled on Gawain's right spur and King Ban buckled on his left; and with the flat of his sword King Arthur struck him on the shoulder, saying,



THE VIGIL.

From the Painting by John Pettie, R.A.



“Rise up, Sir Gawain, and may God make thee a good and loyal knight.”

The same ceremony was repeated for each of his companions, and sometimes King Ban and sometimes King Bors buckled on the spurs. And every knight received a sword from the vast treasure that Merlin had shown to the king in Bedingran. Afterward they made a great feast in the palace.

Then King Arthur and King Ban and King Bors, leaving ten thousand men to guard the city of London, took the rest of their men and crossed the sea. After establishing his two friends safely in their kingdoms, Arthur had a great war with the Romans and subdued them. Instead of the tribute they had demanded, King Arthur sent them the head of the Roman leader who had fallen in the field, and Britain never again paid tribute to Rome, while Arthur ruled.

9. THE MARRIAGE OF ARTHUR AND GUINEVERE.

And now the whole of Arthur's army marched back to the seashore where he had provided ships for all that great company. When they landed in

Britain, they had not lost a single ship or a single man. Then they all took their way to London, where they had great joy, and feasting, and delight. But Arthur did not stay long there, for now, after all his wars, the time was come when he might think of "his heart's desire."

With a gallant company of chosen knights King Arthur left London to ride to the city of Camelopard. With him went Merlin, Sir Gawain and his brothers, Sir Ector, Sir Ulphius, and Sir Brastias, and many others. A goodly array they were as they rode by forest and stream and fair green meadow. The trees were full of green leaves, and the birds sang, and the sun flashed on the gay attire of the knights. The very horses seemed to know whither they were going and why, and they danced and pranced along the way. A very different company was this from those we have seen before, stern and armed to the teeth and ready for battle.

As they journeyed, they engaged in happy talk of their dangers, past now and over, and of the valiant deeds, each praising the other and making light of his own prowess. Sometimes their talk was of other matters, and sometimes Arthur rode alone, lost in happy dreams of the fair maid so soon to be his wife. "Of her beauty and of her

fairness she is the fairest one alive," Merlin had once said in describing her to the king.

At last, after many a day of journeying that seemed long to Arthur, they drew near to the city of Cameliard. When King Leodgrance espied them in the distance, he mounted his horse, and, with the Knights of his Round Table, he rode out to greet them. Much joy there was in their meeting. King Leodgrance loved King Arthur well, as he had loved his father before him, and now he was happy in giving his daughter to such a "gentle, perfect knight." Young as Arthur was, he had proved himself every inch a king—wise and gentle in peace; stern, and brave, and relentless in war. And never was there a king who lived in greater magnificence than he.

The acclamations of the people greeted them as they rode through the streets of the city, for all the populace had crowded to see the king who loved the stately Guinevere. When they came to the steps leading up to the palace, there stood Guinevere, happy tears and smiles chasing each other over her face like rain and sunshine on an April day. Clad all in white, with the sun shining on her, she looked like the spring itself—a true Flower-of-the-May, as some think her name means.

The weary years of waiting were over, and her lord and king had come at last. With eager arms outstretched, she passed slowly down the marble steps toward Arthur, who, folding her in a close embrace, "kissed her on her fair mouth and on her hair full sweetly and gently."

And now the day had come, clear and bright, which had been set for the marriage of Arthur. By early dawn the streets were full of an excited crowd of men, women, and children. All the way from the palace to the minster the streets were thickly strewn with fresh herbs and flowers. Festoons of white blossoms hung across from window to window. From balcony and open casement hung draperies of the richest white samite, embroidered in gold and pearls. Nowhere was any color to be seen but green and white and gold. All adown the walls were banks of green boughs and ferns and fragrant shrubs. All the little children were clad in white and gold, so that, standing in eager groups beside the green banks, they looked like clusters of white daisies.

Before the sun had risen high in the blue heavens, and while the dew still lay on the herbs and the flowers, the sound of pealing trumpets came from the hall of the palace. The procession was

forming. At last it came winding out between the arches. First came the heralds clothed in royal scarlet, and after them came the trumpeters all with silver trumpets sounding out to the glad day. Then followed musicians of various sorts, all gorgeously robed. After them came bands of Arthur's trustiest knights and councilors, with Sir Gawain and Merlin at their head. After them came the kings and princes who had come to do homage to King Arthur as the overlord of Britain.

Then Arthur rode alone on a charger glittering with jewels. He was clothed in a gold coat of fine mail; over it he wore a robe of richest samite, and on his shining hair was a crown of gold. He looked so young and smiling that it was hard to believe that he was the stern and daring warrior whose fame had spread through the world, even to far-away Constantinople.

He was followed by the venerable King Leodgrance, in robes of gorgeous purple, his white beard flowing down nearly to the saddle. Then came a band of maidens clothed in purest white, with fillets in their hair.

A little way behind rode Guinevere alone, on a horse flashing with precious gems — but she her-

self wore not a single jewel. She was clothed in snowy, clinging garments of softest, richest silk. Her golden hair lay in heavy masses like a mantle over her shoulders. Reaching almost to the ground a snow-white, gauzy veil, its soft folds waving in every lightest breeze, enveloped her in a cloud of shimmering light. And always the silver trumpets pealed out a joyous clamor.

A few paces after Guinevere came three of her sweetest maidens, fair almost as she, the fairest, sweetest maid in all this island of the sea.

The procession closed with bands and bands of knights, with banners and pennons flying and horses clamping and harnesses clashing. As the last ones passed, the populace closed in behind them, following them to the church.

The service was a beautiful one, with singing choir and swinging censers, from which the sweet incense floated in clouds through the aisles. Arthur and Guinevere received the benediction on their marriage, from the archbishop.

Who can describe the rejoicings which followed? Every one in Cameliard shared in that feasting. Booths had been put up in the meadows outside the city, and there, in happy parties seated on the cool, green grass, the people feasted and called

down from the good God richest blessings on the heads of Guinevere and Arthur.

In the palace, after the rich meats had been served, King Leodgrance stood up, and the merry chatter round him ceased as he said: "Kings, princes, and true knights, this day I have given to King Arthur what most I prized, my daughter Guinevere. Great is the honor we have had from him, and may God grant him all honor, for never can I repay him. My lands, too, would I gladly give him, for with my kingdom he may do what he will; but lands he hath enough and to spare. Therefore, what remains to me that I love most I give him — my Round Table. From the hands of the great Uther Pendragon I received it, and now I give it to his son. I am an old man, and no more have I the might to maintain it as of yore. Of its two hundred and fifty knights but few remain. King Arthur, of his noble prowess and royal liberality, will maintain it in all honor. Under him once more they will flourish, and bring peace and justice and joy to the Island of Britain.

"Will ye, my noble knights, that I do this thing?"

Then the remaining Knights of the Round

Table sprang up with one accord, and, holding up their hands to heaven, said, "Ah! dear God, praised be the noble King Leodgrance, who has given to us such a leader and protector." Then they went to King Arthur, and, kneeling down before him, they swore themselves his knights.

And Leodgrance was glad, but also he was a little sad to lose both his daughter and his Round Table on one day. The next day Arthur and Guinevere and their company of knights rode back through the green forests and by the pleasant meadows to London.

10. THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ROUND TABLE.

Guinevere and Arthur returned to London in company with their knights and women. They did not ride fast, but loitered in the green forests and the pleasant meadows. At night beautiful pavilions of silk were pitched, where they slept. In the evening time great bonfires were lighted, and till late into the night they all sat and talked of jousts and tourneys. To the accompaniment of harps bards sang to them many strange tales of wonder, and of the deeds of knights and ladies.

and of the early times before ever the Romans or the Saxons had come to the island.

Before they left Carmelhide, King Arthur had dispatched swift messengers to summon to London many noble knights. For after the coronation of the queen, there were to be in London great jousts and tournaments, and there would Arthur fully establish his Round Table. The preparations went on quickly after the king's arrival in the city. Many of the rebel kings consented at last to do homage to Arthur, among them King Lot of Orkney. All night, before the coronation, young squires watched their armor and fasted and prayed, for it was decreed that when Guinevere was crowned, many men should be made knights.

The morning broke fair and clear, and it seemed as if the whole of that vast city was a great palace. The streets could not be seen for rushes, herbs, and flowers. The walls of the houses were hidden by gorgeous tapestries and rich hangings of silks of a hundred colors.

After hearing mass in the minster, King Arthur and Guinevere went up to the altar, and there, with all due solemnity, was Guinevere crowned queen by Arthur's side. Then a vast shout went up from hundreds of throats till the

walls of the city fairly trembled. When the solemn ceremony was over, King Arthur and Queen Guinevere went to a great feast in the palace. All the tables were spread with dishes of gold, on which lay rich meats brought from near and far. Sir Lucan,¹ the butler, carried two cups before the queen, and Sir Ector and Sir Gawain and Sir Kay and many others served the meal that day.

When the feast was done, Merlin led in, before the king and queen, the strange knights who had come at his summons. One by one he led them up to Arthur, and the king greeted them. Then the king led the way into the great hall where the Round Table had been set up. A strange sight was seen there, for on every seat was written, in letters of bright, new gold, the name of a knight, telling where he should sit.

Then Arthur took his seat, and each knight who was named took his allotted place, and it was found that every seat was occupied, save only the Seat Perilous. Then Merlin told them that only when the purest knight in all the world should come, one who should achieve, or find the Grail, would that seat be filled. Before that happened,

¹ Lucan = Lū'-kan.

here a knight and there a knight dared to sit in that seat, but with loud grumbling and rocking the earth opened and swallowed them up. So men became afraid to sit there

It would take too long to tell the names of all the two hundred and fifty knights, especially as we shall not be able to hear, at this time, their adventures. Among the newcomers, however, were Sir Lancelot du Lake,¹ Sir Tristram of Lyonesse,² Sir Bors, and many others. Sir Gawain and his brothers, Sir Agravaine, Sir Gaheris,³ and Sir Gareth,⁴ all were named of the company of the Round Table, likewise Sir Kay, Sir Ulphius, and Sir Brastias.

For many years King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table blessed the land of Britain, and the fame of them has lasted down to our own day. Peace and plenty dwelt in the land, and the knights did wonderful deeds of prowess in dark forests and on land and sea. Arthur held his court now in the south, now in the north, sometimes in Wales, sometimes in Cornwall, and then were held great joustings, and much honor was won.

¹ Lancelot = Lon'-sē-lot.

³ Gaheris = Gā'-hēr-is.

² Lyonesse = Lī-o-nēs'.

⁴ Gareth = Gā'-reth.

Sir Lancelot du Lake and Sir Gawain were made the heads of a company called the Queen's Knights, twenty picked knights from the Round Table. They swore to guard and defend the queen at the risk of their own lives. They were her chosen champions in any quarrel that arose, for the king, being the judge of all the people, might not fight her battles himself if quarrels came.

II. ARTHUR GETS HIS SWORD, EXCALIBUR.

One day, when Arthur was riding in the forest with Merlin, they came to a rich pavilion, and near by a knight, armed, sitting in a chair. "Sir Knight," said Arthur, "wherefore sit you here in the way, so that no knight may pass unless he fight you? I bid you leave this custom."

"This custom have I made," said the knight, "and I will defend it, be he who he may that says me nay."

Then Arthur and the knight rode at each other and broke both their spears, and Arthur drew his sword. "Nay," said the knight, "you are a passing good knight; let us ride together again with spears."

“I have no other spear,” said Arthur.

“But I have,” said the knight, and he called to his squire, and he brought forth spears from the pavilion, and Arthur chose him a new one and so did the knight. Then they rode together again, and so evenly were they mated that the same thing happened again and yet again.

“For the honor of knighthood,” said the knight, “let us joust once again.” Then they got two great spears, and they rode at each other heavily, and Arthur’s spear was shivered in pieces, and he and his horse were thrown to the ground. But Arthur sprang up and drew his sword, and the knight alighted from his horse, and they came at each other with strong strokes, so they wounded each other sorely. Then they rested, and fell at each other again, and as they fought, their swords came together full in the middle, so that Arthur’s sword broke in two pieces.

Then was Arthur weary, and the knight took him by the middle and threw him to the ground, crying, “Now I have worsted thee; yield thee to me as a recreant knight.”

But Arthur said, “As for death, it is welcome when it cometh, but as to yield me to thee recreant, I had far sooner die than be so shamed.”

Then the knight rived Arthur's helmet to strike off his head. But Merlin cried: "Knight, hold thy hand; thou putttest this realm in the greatest danger that ever it was in. This is a greater man than thou knowest."

"Why, who is he?" said the knight.

"It is King Arthur," replied Merlin. Then the knight would have killed him for dread of his wrath, but Merlin put an enchantment on him and he fell to the ground asleep.

"Alas," said Arthur, "now you have shamed me and killed a good knight by your arts."

"Not so," said Merlin, "you are worse off than he. In three hours he will wake."

They journeyed on and came to a hermitage where they stayed three days, and Arthur was healed of his wounds by soothing salves.

Then said Arthur, "Alas, I have no sword."

Merlin said, "I know of a sword which is more precious than any in this realm if you may have it. Look yonder."

Arthur looked and saw a lake, and in the middle a hand and arm clothed in white samite, and in the hand a fair sword in a scabbard. "I would it were mine," said Arthur.

Then they saw a damsel of the lake, and Merlin said, "Ask her."

“Damsel,” said Arthur, “whose is the sword?”

“It belongs to the Lady of the Lake, and is called Excalibur,”¹ said she.

“I would I might have it,” said Arthur.

“I am the Lady of the Lake, and I will give the sword if thou wilt grant me a request that some day I shall ask of thee.”

“That will I, gladly,” said Arthur. “How may I get the sword?”

“Yonder by the reeds on the margin lies a little boat,” said she.

Arthur and Merlin entered the boat and came to the sword, and Arthur took it, and the arm drew back beneath the waters of the lake. Then Arthur rejoiced and they came quickly to the land, but the damsel had vanished.

Then said Merlin, “Which would you rather have, the sword or the scabbard?”

“Why, the sharp sword,” said Arthur.

“Therein you do wrong,” said Merlin, “for he who has this scabbard can never lose any blood, be he never so sorely wounded.” Then Arthur gazed at that scabbard with amaze.

As they rode they came to Carleon, and the king’s knights were glad. Then some said, when

¹ Excalibur = Eks-kal’-i-bër.

they heard his adventure, that they marveled that he should put himself in such danger alone. But the others said that it was right merry to be under a chief who risked adventure as the poorest knights in his following might do.

12. SIR LANCELOT AND SIR LIONEL SEEK ADVENTURES.

Some years after these doings, when Arthur had returned from a journey he had made into far lands, all the Knights of the Round Table assembled at the court and there had a series of jousts and tourneys. Some of the knights who had not had very great fame hitherto increased so much in power and noble deeds that ever after they were accounted the most famous.

Of all these knights Sir Lancelot du Lake was greatest, for in all things he surpassed the others, and was never overcome but by magic or enchantments. After excelling all others at play and game, Sir Lancelot said to Sir Lionel,¹ his brother, "Come, we will go secretly from the court and prove ourselves in strange adventures."

¹ Lionel = Lī'ō-nel.

They armed themselves at all points and rode off on their horses. They rode into a deep forest and then into a great plain. The day was very hot and it was noon, and Sir Lancelot said, "Brother, for seven years I have not been so sleepy as I am to-day."

Sir Lionel saw a great apple tree at a little distance, which cast a deep shadow all around, and he said, "Brother, there is a tree under which we may rest ourselves and our horses."

"It is well," said Sir Lancelot, and he threw himself on the grass and slept soundly, while Sir Lionel watched.

By and by Sir Lionel saw three knights riding fast and hard, pressed by one knight, who pursued them. "Never have I seen a more goodly knight," thought Sir Lionel. Then the one knight overthrew the three others and bore them to the ground one by one; and the goodly knight took their horses' reins and bound those vanquished knights, and easily threw them over the saddles of their horses to lead them to his castle.

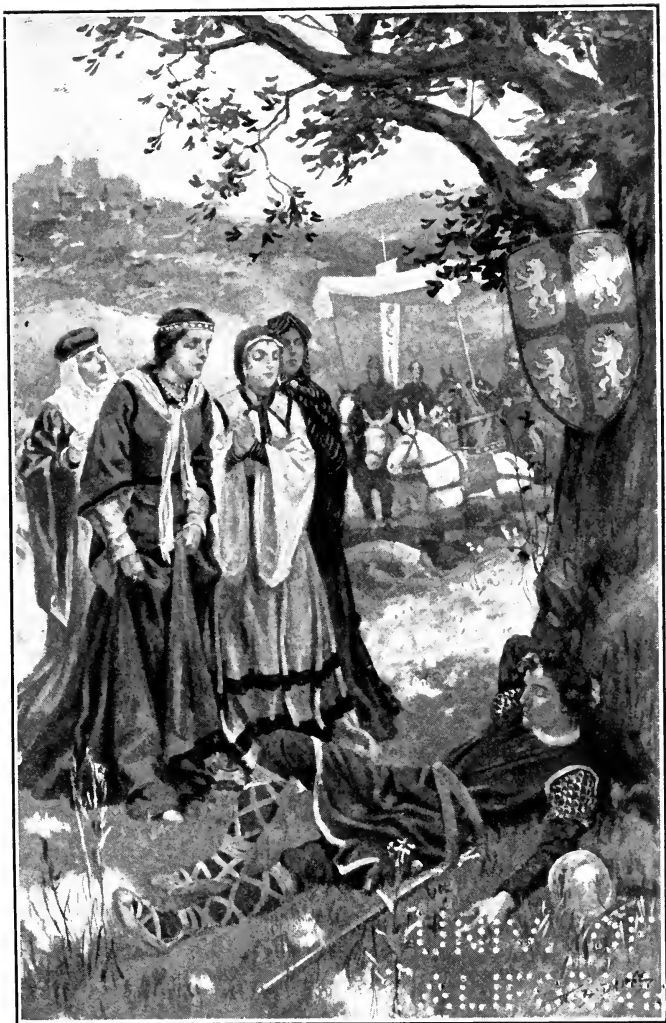
Sir Lionel thought that he would try a fall with that knight. So he made ready, and, quietly leading his horse where Lancelot could not hear, he mounted and made at the strange knight and bade

him turn. Then the knight rode at him so hard that he bore Sir Lionel and his horse to the ground, and served him as he had done the others. When he had brought all four to his castle, he scourged them with thorns and threw them into a dungeon, where were many other knights making a great moan.

Meanwhile, Sir Lancelot lay under the apple tree, fast asleep. By and by four queens came riding past. That the heat of the sun might not annoy them, four knights rode near them holding four spears, over which was a canopy of green silk; and the queens rode on four white mules. As they went they heard a horse neighing, and they came to the tree where Lancelot lay.

Each one of them wanted to claim Lancelot as her own. But Morgan-le-Fay said, "Let us not strive. I will throw an enchantment on him and we will bear him to my castle, and then when he awakes, he shall choose which one of us he will have." So she laid an enchantment on Sir Lancelot, and two of their knights placed him on his shield and so bore him to the castle.

In the evening when Lancelot awoke from the spell, Morgan-le-Fay said to him, "Lancelot, we know well you love only Guinevere, but, neverthe-



"SIR LANCELOT LAY UNDER THE APPLE TREE, FAST ASLEEP."

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less, now you are our prisoner, and never may you be free till you have chosen one of us."

Then Lancelot was very wroth and said, "As for Queen Guinevere, if I had my liberty, I would prove it on you or yours that she is the truest lady to her lord that lives, but I would rather die here in prison than choose one of you false enchantresses to be my love." Then they left him.

The next day at noon a damsel came to him with his dinner and said, "What cheer?"

"Alas, damsel, I am like to rot here in prison, for never will I choose one of those false queens."

Then the damsel said, "Sir, I know you well, that you are a true and good knight, and if so be that you will aid my father in the tournament that will be held by the four queens, I will bring you safely out of the prison."

"Willingly, damsel," said Sir Lancelot. "If you call on me whenever you need my aid, as I am a true and loyal knight, I will not fail you."

At night time the damsel came and led Lancelot out through a secret passage that ran along under the lake, and when they were come out Lancelot mounted on his horse and took the damsel behind him, and galloped off to the castle of her father,

King Bagdemagus. The king made right good cheer for Lancelot, and then it was decided what should be done at the tournament. Fighting against King Bagdemagus were three knights of Arthur's court, Sir Modred, a brother of Sir Gawain, and two others. And always all the three set on King Bagdemagus, and he could not prevail against those three at once.

"Give me three knights," said Lancelot, "and give us shields all white, with no painting on them; and when in the tourney those knights attack you, we will enter from a little wood. So it will not be known what knight I am."

It was all arranged as Lancelot had advised. The next day, when Lancelot had been stationed in the little wood, King Bagdemagus, with eighty knights, went into the lists and met the king of North Galis with one hundred and sixty knights; and the three knights of Arthur's court stood alone. Then the two parties rode together with a great clash, and twelve of the knights of King Bagdemagus were killed, and eight of those of the king of North Galis, and King Bagdemagus and his party were driven far back in the lists.

Then in rode Sir Lancelot between the two,

¹ Bagdemagus = Bag-de'-mā-gus.

into the thickest of the fray, and with one spear he smote down five knights, and broke the backs of four of them, and the king of North Galis was one of them. Then Sir Modred set on Sir Lancelot, whom he did not recognize with his white shield. But Sir Lancelot rode at him so fiercely that Sir Modred's spear broke, and the bow of his saddle. Sir Modred was thrown backward from his horse, and his helmet went into the earth a foot or more and was like to break his neck, and he lay there in a swoon a long while.

Then up rode the other knights of Arthur, but they might not prevail either. They got such buffets from Sir Lancelot that they were borne from their horses in a heap on the ground. Then Lancelot got a new spear, and before it broke he had borne to earth sixteen knights, and none that he smote could bear arms again that day. With another spear he bore down twelve more.

Then the knights of the King of North Galis would joust no more, and so each party rode home to its own place. On the next morning Sir Lancelot took leave of King Bagdemagus and his daughter, saying he would go and seek Sir Lionel, his brother, whom he had lost.

13. SIR LANCELOT FIGHTS SIR TURQUIN.

Sir Lancelot rode off, and by chance he came into that same forest, near to the place where he had been sleeping. On the way he met a damsel, and he said, "Fair damsel, know ye of any adventures hereabout?"

"Yea, Sir Knight, if thou darest to undertake them."

"Why should I not," said Lancelot, "seeing that therefor I am come?"

"Sir," she said, "good and well. Hereby liveth a knight whom no man may overcome, so strong he is and so valiant. In his castle he has in prison many knights, and some of them of Arthur's court. But when you have released them, if that you are able, you must promise me that you will help me and some other damsels who are daily distressed and ill treated by a false and wicked knight."

"I will do all your desire," said Lancelot, "if you will bring me to that knight!"

"Come then, fair knight!" So she brought him to a ford in the river, and on a tree near

by was hung a brass basin. Sir Lancelot let his horse drink, and struck on the basin with his spear till the bottom fell out, but still no one came.

Then he espied riding toward them, a long way off, a knight tall and strong, driving before him a horse, across which lay a knight all bound with the reins of his bridle. As they came nearer Lancelot thought he knew who that bound knight was, and when they were near enough, he saw that it was Sir Gaheris, a brother of Sir Gawain.

“Now, fair damsel,” said Lancelot, “well I know that knight and love him. I promise you that first I will rescue him, and then that I will deliver all the knights out of that foul prison.”

When the tall, strong knight had come nearer, Sir Lancelot cried, “Now, fair knight, put that wounded knight off his horse and let him rest awhile, and let us two prove our strength. I hear thou hast done foul despite and shame to the Knights of the Round Table, therefore defend thyself.”

“And you be of the Round Table, I defy you and all your fellowship,” returned the stranger knight.

“Ye talk too much,” said Lancelot.

They came together with great might, and smote

each other in the midst of their shields, so that both their horses' backs broke under them, and the two knights were astonished. As soon as they might, they cleared themselves of their horses, and taking their shields they drew their swords, and gave each other many furious strokes, and neither their shields nor their armor could withstand them. In a little while they both had grim wounds, that bled most grievously. This they did for two hours.

At last they were both breathless, and that knight said, "Hold your arm awhile and answer what I shall ask."

"Say on," said Lancelot.

"Then listen. I am Sir Turquin.¹ You are the biggest man that ever I have met and the best fighter. If so be you are not that knight whom most I hate, I will be friends with you, and we will be fellows together, and I will never fail you while I live."

"It is well," said Lancelot; "but who is that knight whom you so hate?"

"His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake, and he slew my brother King Carados, one of the best knights alive, at the Dolorous Tower. For Sir Lancelot's sake I have slain a hundred knights, and as many

¹ Turquin = Tūr'-kwin.

more I have maimed utterly, so that never can they help themselves, and many have died in prison. Sixty-four knights are still in prison, and them will I free if you will tell me your name, and it be not Lancelot."

"Now I see," said Lancelot, "that we cannot be friends, for know, Sir Knight, that I am Sir Lancelot du Lake, King Ban's son of Benoic, and Knight of the Round Table. Now I defy thee, do thy best."

"Ah," said Sir Turquin, "you are more welcome to me than ever was any other knight; we shall never part till one of us be dead."

They rushed together like two wild bulls and gave each other many wounds, and never would they rest. At the last Sir Turquin grew faint, and his blows grew slack, and he held his shield low for very weariness. Sir Lancelot, seeing this, leaped at him, and got him by his helmet and pushed him down on his knees, and smote his neck in sunder.

When Sir Lancelot had done this, he went to the damsel and said, "Fair damsel, I am ready to go where you will have me, but I have no horse."

"Go to that knight that is bound," said the damsel; "ask him for his horse and let him enter the castle and loose all the prisoners."

Sir Lancelot went to Sir Gaheris, and said, "Sir Knight, be not grieved if I ask thee for thy horse, for I must ride speedily with this damsel whom I have promised to befriend."

"Nay, fair lord, I will that you command both my horse and me. You have saved our lives, both his and mine, and this day I say that you are the best knight on earth, for I have seen you slay the mightiest man and the best knight, save you, in the world. I pray you to tell me your name."

"Sir, my name is Lancelot du Lake, and I ought, by right, to help you for King Arthur's sake, and especially for my lord Sir Gawain's sake, your own dear brother. Wherefore, I pray you, greet all the knights in prison for me, and tell my two brothers to go to the court and await me there, for I will come at Pentecost. Now I must ride with this damsel to keep my promise."

Then Sir Gaheris hastened to the castle, and, knocking down the porter, took from him the keys. When the knights had come forth from the prison, they all thanked Sir Gaheris, but he said, "Nay, it was not I," and he told them how it was. And he gave his message to Lancelot's brothers, but "Nay," said they, "we will seek

Lancelot till we find him, and then we will go to the court."

Then they sought all over the castle for their armor and their horses, and when they had found them, they saw a forester who came from the forest with a load of venison. "Now," said they, "we will have a good meal, for we have not tasted meat since we were here. And so the venison was roasted, and they made a good meal. They slept in the castle that night, for it was late. The next morning the two brothers started off to find Sir Lancelot if they might, but the other knights returned to the court which King Arthur now held at Camelot.¹ Years passed before Lancelot returned to the court, and many are the books filled with his adventures.

14. SIR FAIR-HANDS.

One day when the king and the queen were giving a feast upon the sands near a castle in Wales, as the custom was, they waited to go in to eat till some adventure should befall. Then by and by came two old men leading a very young

¹ Camelot = Cam'-e-lot.

man. He was fair, and richly clad, and tall and well built. And he said to King Arthur, "God bless you, Sir King, and all the Knights of the Round Table. I am come to ask three gifts. The first is that for a year and a day you give me meat and drink, and after I will ask for the two others."

"That is a simple thing," said the king. "It seemeth to me that you are come of men of great lineage, and do you ask this?"

"I ask what I ask," said the young man.

Then many mocked at him, and Sir Kay said, "He will never make a gentleman, else he would ask for a horse and armor. I will give him a name — Sir Fair-hands he shall be called. I make him one of my kitchen lads." But Sir Lancelot and Sir Gawain were angry with Sir Kay, for the lad pleased them well, and they gave him gold to spend and clothes.

When the feast of Whitsuntide was come, and the court stayed again, waiting for adventure, there came a fair damsel into the hall and saluted the king, and prayed for help. "Sire," she said, "a lady of great renown is besieged in her castle by a tyrant, and never can she come out of it. His name is the Red Knight of the Red Lawns, and he

hath two brothers, the Black Knight and the Green Knight. They guard all the ways, and he who would come to my lady must first slay them."

Then Sir Fair-hands claimed his two promises of the king, and Arthur said, "Ask on." Fair-hands asked first, knighthood at the hands of Sir Lancelot, and after, to undertake the adventure.

But the damsel, whose name was Lynette, cried, "Fie on thee! shall I be helped by a kitchen boy?" And she took her horse and departed.

Soon there came a dwarf bringing a horse and armor of the richest—all that a knight might need. Sir Fair-hands mounted and rode after the damsel. But Sir Kay said, "I will ride after him and see if he will know me for his better." He overtook him just as he came up to the damsel, and said, "Fair-hands, know you not who I am?"

"Yes," said Fair-hands, "I know you for a most ungentle knight; so beware."

Then Sir Kay rode at him with spear in rest. But Fair-hands took his sword and smote him such a blow that Sir Kay fell down as if he were dead. Then Fair-hands took his shield and his spear and left him lying.

By this time Sir Lancelot had ridden up, and

Fair-hands said, "Gentle knight, will you joust with me?"

Sir Lancelot set spear in rest, and they rode together so fiercely that both their horses fell to earth. Sir Lancelot was astonished at the strength and skill of the boy, and, after jousting for some time longer, he said, "Fairly and bravely you have earned your spurs."

"Shall I truly be a good knight?" said Fair-hands.

"Yes," said Sir Lancelot, "of that I warrant you."

"Then, I pray you, give me the order of knighthood, for of no other earthly knight do I desire it."

"Tell me your name," said Lancelot; "whose kin are you?"

"Sir," said Fair-hands, "I pray you to keep it secret. My name is Gareth. I am the son of King Lot of Orkney, and brother to Sir Gawain."

Then Lancelot was very glad. "Ever I thought you were of great blood, and came not to the court for meat and drink." Then Lancelot gave him the order of knighthood, and bade him Godspeed.

But the damsel mocked at Sir Fair-hands, and taunted him, and called him "kitchen boy and dish washer, who thinkest of naught but thy food

and drink." He answered her never a word. By and by they came to the river that was guarded by the Black Knight, and Sir Fair-hands fought desperately, and left him lying dead before they could win past.

Still the maiden mocked him, and he said no word. By and by they came upon the Green Knight. Again Sir Fair-hands fought long and desperately, and was sore wounded before he disposed of him. By now the maid was not quite so free with her jeers and gibes, for Sir Fair-hands fought well.

After a while they saw in the distance a fair white tower. Over the tower gate hung fifty shields of many colors. "Fair damsel, whose are they?" said Sir Fair-hands.

"They are the shields of those knights whom the Red Knight of the Red Lawns hath slain," said the damsel. "Now we will see if a kitchen boy will be better than they." But she said other things when she had seen him fight the Red Knight.

Looking down on him from the white tower was the fairest face Sir Fair-hands had ever seen. It was the face of Lady Lyonesse. All the courage of Sir Fair-hands swelled up in his heart; for such a maid he would fight to the death. Many long

hours the battle between the Red Knight and Sir Fair-hands lasted. It was late evening before Sir Fair-hands overcame him. At the last Sir Fair-hands was so spent and wounded and battered with blows that he fell forward on his face.

Then the damsel Lynette cried out: "Sir Fair-hands, Sir Fair-hands, alas, the Lady Lyonesse beholds thee! Where is thy courage gone? She weeps and wrings her hands, and my heart is heavy for her."

When Sir Fair-hands heard that, he was filled with new life. He started to his feet, and, grasping his sword, he came at the Red Knight and brought him to his knees. Then he smote him on his helmet till he fell to earth. There he would have slain him outright, but the Red Knight cried, "O noble knight, I yield me to thy mercy!"

"Only if the damsel Lynette prays for thy life will I give it thee," said Sir Fair-hands.

"I pray you slay him not," she said, at length, reluctantly.

"At this lady's request will I release thee," said Sir Fair-hands, "if thou wilt go to the Lady of the White Tower and yield thee to her, and if she will forgive thee, well. Then shalt thou go to the court of King Arthur and pray for mercy of Sir Lance-

lot and Sir Gawain for all the evil you have done and the fifty knights you have slain.”

“Sir,” said the Red Knight of the Red Lawns, “I will do all your commands. Then he did homage to Sir Fair-hands and all his earls and barons with him; and afterward the Lady Lyonesse pardoned him, and he went to the court as he had sworn to Sir Fair-hands.

The Lady Lyonesse, after he had fought for her many a battle and won many a prize in great tournaments, married Sir Fair-hands. And the Lady Lynette married his brother, Sir Gaheris. Queen Guinevere made a great feast for them, and the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony in the great minster. And Sir Gareth was a noble knight, and he loved Sir Lancelot more than any other man, and Lancelot loved him.

For many years the fellowship of the Round Table of King Arthur flourished in Great Britain. By the nobleness of King Arthur and his knights the realm was quiet and at rest. There came a time, however, when they grew slack and careless, and gave up seeking only one another's good. What followed will be learned in the story of the Quest of the Holy Grail.

II.

THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

“The master whispered
Follow the Gleam. . .

O young mariner,
Down to the Haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel
And crowd your canvas,
And, e'er it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.”

II. THE QUEST OF THE HOLY GRAIL.

I. THE BOYHOOD OF SIR PERCEVAL.

SOME people think that the Grail was the cup out of which the Lord Jesus drank at His last supper with His disciples, and that Joseph of Arimathea¹ held it to catch the blood that flowed from the pierced side of the Lord, as He hung on the cross on Calvary. Many wonderful tales were told about the Grail. It was to be seen only by those who lived brave, true, and pure lives. If any one fed on the precious food it contained, he was filled with all wisdom and virtue.

Others think that the legend of the Grail is older still, and that it is connected with the old Celtic myth of the Cup of Healing. However this may be, it is no wonder that while men believed in it, some devoted all their lives to a quest, or search, for the Holy Grail.

There lived, in those old days of which we have

¹ Arimathea = Ar''-i-mā-thē'-ă.

been reading, a knight whose name was Sir Perceval.¹ In some of the stories about him he is spoken of as "the best knight in the world." His sister was a damsel called Dindrane.² The stories speak of her as "a holy nun," but she did not live shut up in a convent as most nuns do to-day. She rode about the world with Sir Perceval, and took an active part in many of his adventures.

Before Perceval was born, his father, King Alain-li-gros,³ had lost the greater part of the Valleys of Camelot, which had been his; for his enemy, the Lord of the Moors, had taken them from him. In memory of this sad event, King Alain called his little son Per-les-vay, which to-day is changed to Perceval, and which means "the lost valley." He did this that Perceval might always be reminded of their wrongs, and he hoped that when Perceval was grown to be a strong and great knight he would win his lands again from the Lord of the Moors.

Perceval and his sister passed happy years as children in their father's castle. When Perceval had grown to boyhood he spent the greater part of his time, as was then the custom, in learning

¹ Perceval = Pèr'-sê-vâl.

² Dindrane = Din'-drân.

³ Alain-li-gros = Ä-lân'-lê-grō.

manly sports. He hunted in the deep forests all day long with the huntsmen of his father, and brought home many an antlered stag and mighty boar to the castle. The forest was full of game of all kinds, and his mother depended on the huntsmen to keep her larder well supplied with meats, that she might feed all her hungry retainers.

The old story tells us that the lad was "right comely and right gentle, and he began to go into the forests and launch his javelins Welsh-fashion at hind and hart. And his father and mother loved him much."

All this time his sister stayed by her mother. She learned the arts of a housewife,—how to spin and embroider, and to make delicate preserves, and to care for the house and linen, as a good housewife loves to do. She learned, too, to know the virtues of healing herbs, so that she might dress and tend the wounded knights who fought her battles.

One day Alain-li-Gros, his wife Yglais,¹ and Perceval and Dindrane went out for a walk in the cool of the evening, through the meadows, to the edge of the wood that lay near by. As they walked

¹ Yglais = Ig'-lās.

they came to a little marble chapel. Over it was a roof of timber, and inside a small altar, before which stood a very rich sepulcher. On this was beautifully carved in marble the figure of a man lying on his back, with his two hands joined as if in prayer.

Perceval asked his father who lay in that tomb. "Fair son," answered King Alain-li-gros, "truly I cannot tell you. The tomb has stood here since before the time when my great-grandfather was born. I have never seen any one that could tell who lies buried there. You see the letters of gold on the marble; they say, "When the best knight in all the world shall come hither, the joinings of the tomb will fall apart, and then it will be known who lies herein."

Now Perceval did not yet know what a knight was, and so he asked what a knight might be. His mother said, "Fair son, it is time to tell you of your noble birth, and from whom you are descended." Then she told him that his father and his eleven uncles were all descendants of Joseph of Arimathea. They were all men of great courage and gentleness, and all of them, save as yet Perceval's father, had fallen courageously in battle, doing great deeds. She would have told him more, but Perceval said that that was not

what he wanted to hear, but "how knights are made."

Then his father told him that the men who were truest and best, and men of the greatest valor, were those who were made knights. At King Arthur's court they could become knights, and then they wore armor to protect their bodies, and carried swords and lances, and a shield on which was blazoned their emblem or coat-of-arms.

Then they turned back to the castle for the evening meal in the great hall. I suppose the boy went to bed wondering, and longing for the time to come when he himself might do valiant and mighty deeds, and become a knight.

The next morning, when Perceval rose, he heard the birds singing, and, as he breathed the fresh, clear morning air, he said to himself, "I will go into the forest and spend this day, since it is so fair and bright." Then he mounted one of his father's hunting horses, carrying his javelins with him, and set off for the forest. Before riding far he saw a stag and followed it for four leagues, until he came to a wide, open space in the heart of the woods.

Here he came upon two knights, all armed, battling fiercely one with the other. One of them had

a red shield and the other had a white one. At this sight Perceval gave up tracking his stag, to look on at the battle. Seeing that the Red Knight was conquering the white, he launched one of his javelins at the Red Knight with such strength that it pierced his habergeon, or breastplate, and passed through his heart; at which the knight fell dead.

The Knight of the White Shield was well pleased, but the lad asked if knights were always so easy to kill. "Methought that one could never pierce or destroy a knight's armor, else would I not have run him through with my javelin," said he sadly.

Then the lad took the Red Knight's war horse, which now belonged to him, and led it home to his father and mother. Their grief was indeed great on account of the knight's death at the hand of their son, and well it might be, for much trouble came to them all through this unfortunate deed.

Hasty preparations were made, and with an old retainer Perceval rode off to King Arthur's court. There, when Arthur knew who the youth was and of what lineage, he gladly knighted him, and named him a fellow of his Round Table, in the room of a knight who had been killed.

2. THE VISIONS OF DINDRANE AND PERCEVAL.

When Sir Perceval had started on his adventures after killing the Red Knight, King Alain-ligros was slain in battle by the Lord of the Moorlands and the brother of the Red Knight. After that the widow lady and her daughter were left alone to defend themselves as best they might. The Lord of the Moors lost little time in attacking the defenseless lady, and in his train came the brother of the Knight of the Red Shield, seeking vengeance.

In a short time Perceval's mother had lost all that remained to her of her fruitful valleys and all her seven castles but one. In this one she and her daughter remained closely confined, with only a few maidens, and without any advice or help except that of five old knights who tried to guard her castle for her.

Dindrane, who was very sad at the disasters that had befallen her mother, took herself to prayer and fasting, doing lone penance for all the sins that had been done in the land. Sad rumors reached them of slothful days at King Arthur's court. Men, given up to pleasure and forgetfulness, no longer

went about doing good and giving aid to such as needed succor.

“And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun
Shone, and the wind blew through her, and I thought
She might have risen, when I saw her.”

Thus Tennyson speaks of Dindrane.

One night as she knelt in her small room, there came stealing in a pale, white radiance, growing ever whiter and more bright. Then she saw floating on that radiant stream of light, “rose-red, with beatings in it, as if alive,” the Holy Grail. As she gazed in awe, slowly the “rosy quiverings died into the night,” and all the radiance faded. The vision of the Holy Grail had come once more to earth, and men, when they knew it, would seek it, and “all the world be heal’d,” thought Dindrane; and she was filled with peace and hope. Then she took counsel with her mother, and they sent tidings of the strange vision to King Arthur’s court.

After Perceval had received his knighthood from King Arthur, he went to seek adventures in other lands. For seven years he stayed across the sea; and then, having won for himself much fame, he returned to Britain. One day, as he was riding

through a forest, he came to a river on which he saw a boat with two men in it fishing. One of them, an old man who was sorely wounded in the thigh, cried out to him, "Sir Knight, if you will go to a castle that I shall tell you of, you will come on an adventure by which great honor may be won."

Sir Perceval answered, "Sir, that I will gladly do, if I may find the castle." After a long while, during which he rode hither and thither through the forest along a perilous way, searching in every place for the castle, he came on it quite suddenly. Then he was glad, and blew a loud blast on the horn, and when the drawbridge was raised he galloped into the castle yard.

There he was most royally received and led by serving men into the castle. When he had bathed, his attendants clothed him in a scarlet robe and led him to the lord of the castle. Then they sat down at a fair table, spread with a white cloth and covered with golden dishes in which was rich food.

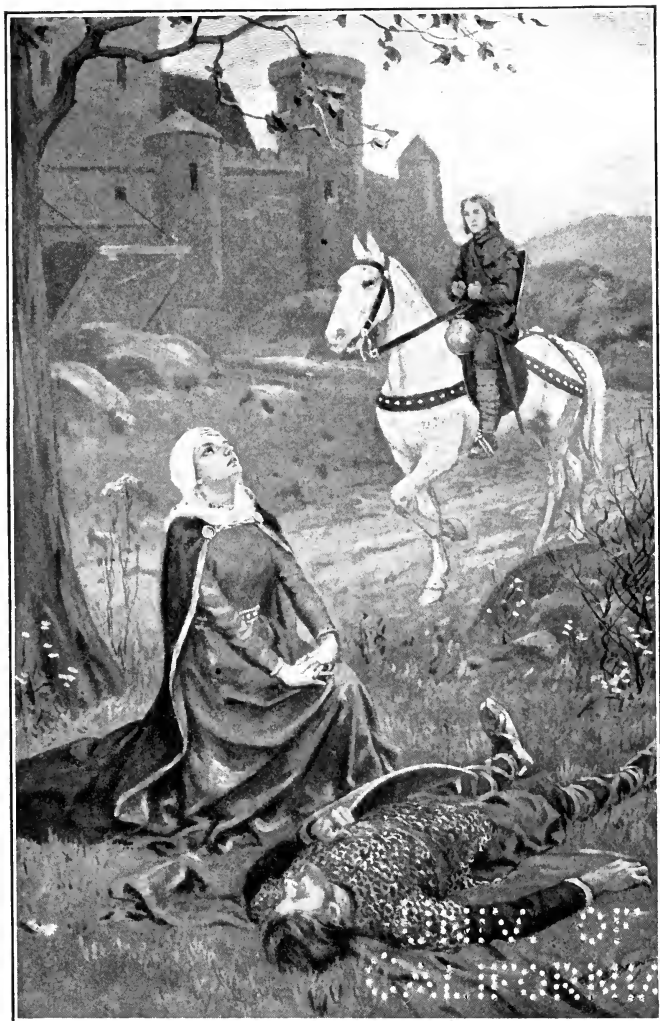
After eating for a while, Sir Perceval heard faint sounds of music, and there passed into the hall a man bearing a mighty sword with the hilt all set with precious stones. The lord of that castle took the sword and presented it to Sir Perceval, who with great joy buckled it at his side. Next a

lance, still dripping with blood, was borne in and passed up through the whole length of the hall where they sat at meat.

Presently two men entered, carrying in their lifted hands great golden candlesticks lighted with many candles. After them came a most fair damsel, clad in white samite, bearing aloft in her hands a shining Grail, veiled in a crimson cloth. Then all suddenly the hall was full of delicious odors, and murmuring music filled the chamber with sweet sounds.

Sir Perceval was amazed, and dared not ask what all this might mean, and so he sat silent, intently gazing. Then another fair damsel passed through the hall, holding in her hands a golden plate on which lay fair fruit and flowers. And again Sir Perceval heard those gentle sounds of sweetest music, trembling through the air, and again the odor of delicious perfumes was wafted to him. Once again the first fair damsel bore aloft that shining Grail, veiled in a silken cloth.

Then silence fell on all the company, and Sir Perceval felt a strange weariness in his limbs. His attendants conducted him, as in a dream, into a chamber wherein was a fair bed, and there he rested for the night.



“PERCEVAL SAW A MAIDEN MAKING MOAN OVER A DEAD KNIGHT.”

Figure 1 shows a 3D plot of 1000 random vectors. The vectors are represented as small arrows originating from a central point, distributed uniformly in all directions, indicating a good random distribution.

The next morning, when he had risen, he walked through the halls, and finding no one, he went out into the courtyard. There by the castle gate he found his horse standing ready saddled. He mounted and passed out through the open gates, and the drawbridge clanged to behind him.

As he rode, wondering, from that deserted castle, he saw a maiden making a sad moan over the body of a dead knight. She accosted him, saying, "Sir stranger, where go you?"

Sir Perceval answered her: "Damsel, I know not. I come from a most strange adventure even now." Then he told her all his story.

The damsel said, "Alas, poor knight, great sorrow have you wrought for all the land of Britain, and for the lord of the castle, whose name is King Fisherman. Because that you failed to ask the meaning of the wonders that you saw, while you sat at meat with the king, he will not be healed of the lance-thrust that he bears in his thigh. All the land of Britain will suffer misfortunes, for wars and treason will break forth, and the Round Table of Arthur and his knights be broken, and all they dispersed.

Then Sir Perceval was sad at heart, and rode away, troubled and perplexed.

3. KING ARTHUR RIDES TO THE FOREST ADVENTUROUS.

One Ascension Day, at Cardoil, after King Arthur had risen from table, he saw that the queen was seated at a window at the far end of the hall. The king went and sat beside her, and as he looked into her face he saw that tears were falling from her eyes.

“Dear lady,” said the king, “wherefore do you weep?”

“Ah! my king,” said Guinevere, “by good right I weep. Our knights speak ill of us because that you stay by me, and no more ride on adventures. Our knights of your Round Table likewise have turned away from their famous deeds, and your court is no more the glory of the land.”

“Alas, lady,” said the king, “you say true.”

“Sir,” said the queen, “were you to go to the chapel that is in the White Forest, which may be found by perilous adventure only, you would get such good counsel that the old days of honor and glory would return.”

“Lady,” said the king, “willingly I go, and alone, to visit the holy hermit in the White Forest.”

The next morning King Arthur armed himself to go to the chapel. "Sir," said the queen to him, "God be your guard, and grant you a safe return, and that you accomplish great deeds. Then shall your praise be lifted up, which now is cast down."

"Lady," said the king, "God be with you."

Then the king mounted his war horse at the mounting-stage and rode off.

The queen was at the windows when the king departed, and she said to the knights around her, "What think you of the king? Is he not a goodly man?"

"Truly, lady," they answered, "and a pity it is that he should not continue as he began, for no king knoweth better of all courtesy and knight-hood than he; and his court was more famous than any that ever was."

Arthur rode all day at a great pace till he came to the borders of the Forest Adventurous. About evensong he found himself in the heart of the forest, and saw before him a little house. He rode up to it and dismounted, and drew his horse in after him to the house. Then he looked around and saw barley and hay, so he took off the bridle and laid food before the horse. Then he went

out by the door and locked it. Outside he saw a chapel, and near by, under a leafy tree, a damsel sitting, holding in her hand the reins of her mule.

The king saluted her, and said, "Damsel, God give you joy and good adventure."

"Sir," she said, "so may He do to you."

"Fair damsel, is there no castle in this forest?"

"No," said the damsel, "only this Chapel of the White Forest, which you see."

"Ah! is this the Chapel of the White Forest?" asked the king.

"Yes," said the damsel, "but this forest is so perilous that no knight ever leaveth it alive and uninjured. But the aid and counsel he shall get in the chapel is of so great worth that, ever after, he who receives it shall live a glorious life. The Lord God guard your body, for never before have I seen so goodly a knight, and great pity would it be if you were not so worthy as you seem. Now shall I never leave this place till I have seen what your end may be."

Then Arthur went to enter the chapel, but he could not. And as he stood, he heard as if it were the voices of angels singing inside. When their voices died away, the door opened and the hermit came out. "Sir," he said to the king,

“now you may enter, and much cause for joy you would have had, had you been allowed to enter the chapel and hear mass.”

They entered the chapel and talked long together. The holy hermit knew well to whom he was talking. He had known and counseled King Uther Pendragon, Arthur's father, before him. Arthur heard many things, and his heart burned within him at the words of the holy man. The hermit left him praying in the chapel, and there he prayed all the night.

4. THE BLACK RIDER.

The next morning King Arthur mounted his horse and went his way, and the damsel rode behind him on her mule. He had not gone far, when he saw a knight riding against him. The knight sat upon a great black horse with flying mane, and he carried a black shield and spear. The spear was thickened towards the point and burned with a devouring flame, very foul and hideous. He set his spear in rest and thought he could easily smite the king; but Arthur swerved aside and the Black Rider passed beyond him.

"Wherefore do you hate me?" asked the king.

"Because now no man loves you, and I defy you as my mortal enemy," was the reply. Saying this, the Black Rider drew back so that his onset might be more sturdy.

The king saw that he could not escape a fight with this man, so he, too, set his spear in rest and held himself ready. The other came towards him swiftly, and Arthur set his spurs as hard as he could and dashed to meet him. They rushed together so roughly that both their spears bent almost double, but without breaking, and both were shifted back in their saddles and lost their stirrups. They had come with such a shock that stars sparkled before their eyes, and each one drew off a space to get his breath again.

The king looked at the burning spear, marveling that it had not snapped in pieces from the blow it had received, and he feared that perhaps it belonged to a fiend.

The Black Rider had no mind to let Arthur off, but rode at him again as hard as before. The king saw him coming and held himself covered with his shield because of the flame, and received the onslaught on the point of his spear.

The other bent back and was borne almost out of his saddle, but leaping back over the crupper, he smote Arthur such a blow that the king nearly lost his seat. Then the Black Rider's lance pierced the king's shield at the boss, and the burning point entered the sleeve of his coat of mail and ran the sharp iron into his arm.

The king was wild with rage when he felt the burning heat of his wound, but his enemy drew back rejoicing. Then King Arthur looked and saw that the spear was no longer burning.

"Sir," said the Black Rider, "I cry you mercy."

"Now may God help me to destroy you," said the king. He went at him with such force that his spear entered two or three inches into the Black Rider's breast, and bore him and his horse to the ground in a heap. Then he drew back his spear and left his foe lying on the ground, dead, and rode towards the entrance to the forest, where sat the damsel.

As he went he heard a clashing of many knights riding up, and presently saw twenty or more come up to the dead body. They made loud lamentation when they saw it.

King Arthur rode fast to the entrance to go out of the forest, but the damsel stopped him, say-

ing, "Sir, for God's sake, turn back and fetch me the head of him who lies there dead."

The king looked back, and seeing the great company of Black Knights, said, "Damsel, I see that you would have me slain."

"Truly sir," she replied, "I would not; but great need is there that I should have the head."

"Damsel," returned Arthur, "I am sorely wounded in the arm which holds my shield."

"Sir," she said, "I know it well, nor will you ever be healed of it, unless you bring me the head of that man."

"Damsel, I will go back and see what shall happen," said Arthur.

Then he turned back and saw that those Black Knights had cut him who was slain all in pieces, and that each was carrying off some portion. And he saw the last knight bearing the head on the point of his spear. The king went after him at a gallop, and cried out, "Sir Knight, stay awhile and speak to me."

"What is your pleasure?" asked the knight.

"Sir," said the king, "I beseech you to give me the head you carry on your spear."

"I will give it to you on one condition."

"What condition?" said Arthur.

"That you tell me who slew the Black Rider."

"Will you not give it me without?" said the king.

"No," said he.

"Then know that King Arthur slew him."

"Where is he?" said the knight.

"Seek him until you find him," said King Arthur.

"I have told you the very truth; give me the head."

"Willingly," said the knight, and he lowered his spear, and the king took the head and rode off with it toward the damsel.

The knight had a horn around his neck, and he sounded a ringing blast. Then the other knights came to him and asked why he had sounded it. "For this," he said; "that knight told me that King Arthur slew the Black Rider, and I would that we all follow him."

"That we will not," said they. "That is King Arthur himself, and we have no power to harm him now that he hath passed the entrance to the forest. But you shall be sorry that you yourself did not slay him when he was in your power." Then they rushed at him and slew him, and cut him in pieces as they had done the other.

By this time King Arthur had come to the damsel. "I thank you, Sir Knight," said she.

“You are welcome,” said Arthur.

“Now you may alight from your horse,” said the damsel, “for beyond this entrance you are safe.”

When he was off his horse, the damsel carefully undid his breastplate, saying, “Now I will heal your wound, for by no one else can it be healed.”

Then she washed his wound with the blood from the dead knight, saying: “Never in this world could you have been healed except by this, and this is why those knights have carried off his body piecemeal. Now,” she continued, “it is right that you tell me your name.”

“Damsel,” said the king, “they that know me call me Arthur.”

“Is that in truth your name?” she asked.

“Yes, lady,” he replied.

“Then it is pity,” said she, “for never have I seen a better knight than you, and I would not that your name should be the same as that of a king who has turned from his glorious ways into sloth.”

“I am sorry,” said the king; “but I have heard that in the beginning he did right well.”

“Who cares,” said she, “for his good beginning, if his end is bad? Very sorry I am that so true

and great a knight as you should have the name of a slothful king."

"Damsel," returned the king, "a man is not good because of his name, but because of heart."

With this the king mounted again and entered into the high forest, and rode as fast as he could back to his castle. When he had ridden a long way, he heard a voice which said: "King Arthur, Lord of Great Britain, rejoice at what I am sent to say to you this day. God hath sent me to bid you hold your court as soon as may be, that your kingdom, which suffered through your slackness, may perchance again be zealous in well-doing, and all the ill be healed."

The heart of the king was glad, and at last he reached Cardoil. Great were the rejoicings of his people at his return. Then he told the queen all his adventures, and showed her his wound which now began to heal well.

"Sore pain and trouble have you had, dear lord," she said.

"Lady, in such a manner a true knight should willingly suffer, that he may have honor, for only by long endurance may men come to honor."

"God be praised," said the queen, "that you say so."

5. THE BALD DAMSEL.

Now King Arthur was at Cardoil with the queen and a few knights when they heard the tidings of the vision of Dindrane. The wish surged up strongly in the heart of the king to win fame and honor, as in the days gone by, for himself and his Knights of the Round Table. He sent messengers throughout all his lands and islands, to take word to the barons and knights, that were scattered in their castles, that he would hold his court on the shores of the Welsh Sea, at the feast of St. John. The Knights of the Round Table, who had been lounging idle and discontented, were very joyful, and came back to the court quickly.

St. John's Day broke fair and clear, and the air was fresh. The hall in the king's palace was wide and high, and filled again with good knights in plenty. The tables were spread with white cloths, on which were laid rare dishes filled with rich meats. The sun shone through the windows, and the floor was strewn with flowers and rushes and sweet herbs, which smelled as though they had been sprinkled with balm.

Sir Kay the seneschal and Sir Gawain the con-

stable of the king's estates served that day at the tables, and five-and-twenty other knights besides. Sir Lucan, the butler, carried the golden cup before the king. There was great rejoicing among them all, and it seemed once more as if the old happy days before they grew slothful had returned.

Now it was the custom of Arthur and his knights when they were at the Round Table, not to rise after their meal until some adventure befell. On this occasion, after the first course had been served, and they were yet awaiting the second, suddenly three damsels entered the hall.

The first that came was mounted upon a mule, white as driven snow, which she guided by a golden bridle. She sat upon a saddle, the bow of which was of ivory inlaid with gold and gems, and the saddlecloth was of red samite shot through with gold. The body of this damsel was very comely, but her face was not fair. She was clothed in robes of silk and gold, and she wore a rich hat which covered the whole of her head. It, too, was all loaded with costly stones that flamed like fire.

Truly it was well that her head was all covered by the hat she wore, for she was without any hair. She carried her right arm slung from her neck in

a sling of golden cloth. Her arm lay on a rich pillow, the richest that was ever seen, and all round the pillow was hung with many little golden bells. But alas! in her hand she held the head of a king, sealed with silver and crowned with gold.

The next damsel that came rode after the first in the fashion of a squire. At her neck she carried a shield banded with silver and blue, and on it was a scarlet cross. The boss of the shield was of solid gold set with precious stones.

The third damsel came on foot, with her skirts tucked up like those of a running footman. She had in her hand a whip with which she drove the two mules of the other damsels. Each of the last two maidens was more fair than the first, but she that ran on foot was fairest by far of them all.

The first damsel came before the king, where he sat. "Sir," said she, "the Saviour of the world grant you honor and joy and good adventure, and my lady, the queen, and all that sit in this hall for love of you. Think it not rude that I alight not, for I have made a vow that where knights are I will not alight, nor shall I ever, till such time as the Holy Grail is found."

"Damsel," said the king, "do as seemeth best to you."

“Sir,” said the damsel, “I thank you, and I pray you not to be offended at the errand on which I am come.”

“Fear not, but speak what you will,” said the king.

“Sir,” said she, “the shield that this damsel beareth belonged to Joseph, the good soldier knight who took down our Lord’s body from hanging on the cross. I present it to you after the manner that I shall tell you of; namely, that you guard the shield for a knight that shall come hither to seek for it. You shall let it hang on this column in the midst of your hall, and guard it carefully so that none may be able to take it, but he only. With this shield shall he find the Holy Grail.”

“Damsel,” said the king, “the shield will I keep full safely, and right heartily do I thank you that you have deigned to bring it hither.”

“Sir King,” replied the damsel, “I thank you; we will now go our way, for here have we stayed long enough.”

The king commanded Sir Gawain, and he took the shield from the damsel’s neck and hung it on a column in the midst of the hall. The damsel took her leave, and the king commended her to God.

Then the king and all they who were with him went to lean out of the windows and look at the three damsels and the three white harts that drew the car that came with them. The greater part said that the damsel that went on foot after the two that were mounted must have the most misease. The bald damsel that went before had taken off her hat, and put it not on her head until she came to enter the forest, and the knights that were at the windows could see them no longer. Then she placed her hat upon her head.

The king, the queen, and the knights, when they could see them no more, came down from the windows, and many of them said that never until this time had they seen a bald-headed damsel.

6. DINDRANE AND SIR PERCEVAL AT THE PALACE OF THE KING.

Soon after this King Arthur sat with Queen Guinevere by his side, and, as they looked out, they saw a damsel alight from her horse before the palace and come up the steps leading to the hall. When she had come before the king and the queen, she said: "Sir, I salute you, who am the

most forlorn and unhappy damsel you have ever seen. I ask a boon of the nobleness and valor of your heart."

"Damsel," said the king, "God counsel you, and I myself will gladly help you."

The maid looked at the shield that hung in the hall. "Sir," said she, "I beseech you, grant that I may receive aid from the knight who shall bear this shield away."

"Damsel," said the king, "gladly, if the knight himself so wills it."

"Sir," said Dindrane,—for it was she who asked the boon,—“if he be as good a knight as he is reported to be, he will not refuse. Had I found my brother whom I am seeking, I should have been helped long ago. I have sought him in many lands, but I have never found him.”

Then the king made the damsel sit at table with them and showed her much honor. When the meal was over, the queen led her into her own chamber and comforted her. The queen was very kind to the damsel, for she was of great beauty, and it could easily be seen that she was full of sorrow.

That night the king woke from his first sleep and could not sleep again. He rose and put on a great gray mantle, and went forth from his bed-

chamber and came to the windows of the hall that opened toward the sea, which lay calm and untroubled before him. He had so much pleasure in it that he stayed long, leaning at the window looking out.

When he had been some time there, he saw far away on the sea a light shining. He wondered, and as he looked he saw that it was coming toward him, for it grew larger and larger, and more bright. Then he saw that it was a ship from which the light shone, coming with a swift rushing toward his castle. One old man held the rudder. The deck was covered with rich cloth, and the sail was lowered, for the sea was calm and quiet. Swiftly the ship came to the walls of the palace and stopped.

Then the king went down to get into the ship, but he could not. The old man that held the rudder said, "Stay awhile," and he launched a little boat and the king entered it and came to the ship. Inside he found a knight who was lying on an ivory table, armed, with his shield at his head. The king thought that he had never seen so beautiful a knight.

"Sir," said the master of the ship, "let him rest; he is in sore need of it."

"Will he leave before he comes to the palace?" asked the king.

"Not before he hath entered the hall," said the old man.

The king was glad, and hastened to tell the queen; and the queen rose and clothed herself in silken robes trimmed with ermine, and waited with two damsels and the king in the great hall.

Presently the knight came in all armed, and the old man with him, bearing two candlesticks of gold in front of him.

"Sir Knight, you are welcome," said the queen.

"Lady, God grant you joy," said the knight. Then he walked across the hall and took down the shield that hung on the pillar in the midst of the hall, and passed away toward the entrance.

"Lady," said the king to his fair queen, "pray the knight to stay with us."

"Sir," said the knight, "I can make no stay now; but some day you shall see me again."

Then he passed into the ship, and the old man drew in the boat, and the ship bore them swiftly away, leaving the castle behind. The king and the queen were very sorrowful that the unknown knight would make no stay with them, and they were astonished at what they had seen.

Then Dindrane came into the hall; and seeing quickly that the shield was gone, she said, "Sir, did you speak for me to the knight?"

"Damsel," answered the king, "to my sorrow, he departed sooner than I thought, and I did not mind me of my promise."

"Sir," said the maid, "you have done me a wrong." And the king was very sorrowful that he had not remembered his promise to the damsel. She went her way from the court, saying that she herself must go and seek the knight, and that if she found him, she would hold the king blameless.

But when Sir Lancelot came back and saw the shield the knight had left instead of the one he took from the column, he said, "Now I know that Sir Perceval has been here, for this is the shield he has often borne, and his father before him."

7. THE SEAT PERILOUS.

Again it was Whitsuntide at King Arthur's court, and early in the morning the king and the queen and all their knights went to the minster to attend high mass. Afterward they made a feast in the great Hall of the Round Table. Now the

place of every knight bore his name, written in letters of gold. But there was one seat in which no man had ever yet proved himself worthy to sit; it was called the "Seat Perilous." He to whom it should lawfully belong would do many great deeds, and be more pure and true in his life than any other knight in all the world.

Arthur and his knights were sitting, as was their wont, each in his own seat, when a strange thing came to pass.

The doors and windows of the great hall suddenly shut by themselves, with a great noise, and yet the hall was filled with a strange, clear light. Then the king and all his knights sat silent from surprise. After a time the king spoke, and said, "Great lords and fair companions, we have this day seen a marvelous thing happen, yet before night I ween we shall see a greater."

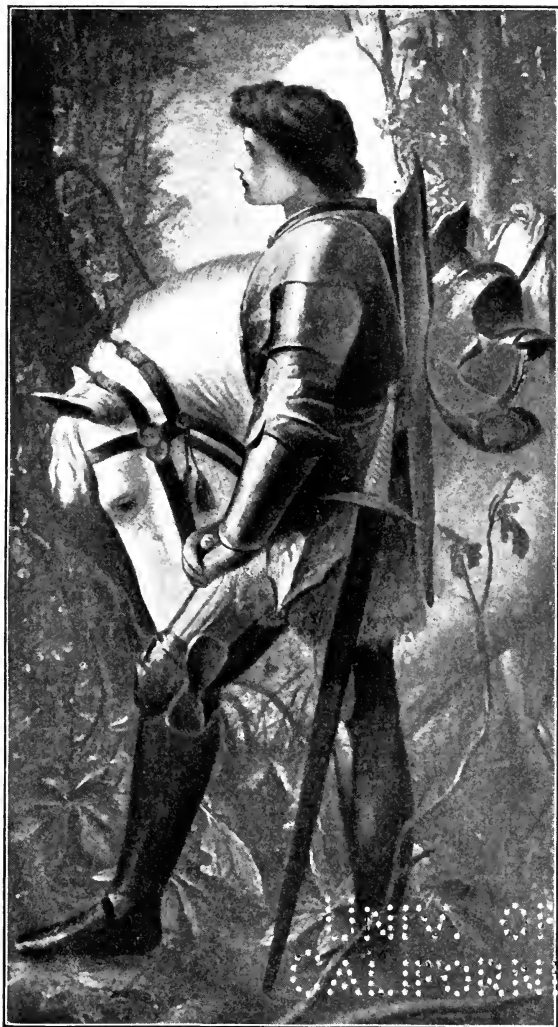
And behold! before the king had finished speaking, an old, old man came into the hall, clothed in white garments. He led by the hand a youthful knight without sword or shield, armed in red armor. The old man greeted the company, saying, "Peace be with you, fair lords." Then, turning to the young knight, he said, "Sir, follow me."

He brought him up the long hall to the seat

beside Sir Lancelot. Lo! on the seat they saw written in letters of bright, new gold, "This is the seat of Sir Galahad, the good knight." Then the young knight sat him down in the seat, and all the Knights of the Round Table wondered that he dared to sit there, for it was the Seat Perilous. They said, "Surely this is a great knight, and one through whom the Holy Grail will be achieved, for no man ever sat safely in that seat before."

Then Arthur decreed that all the knights should meet together and joust in the broad green meadow near the hall, for he wished to try the mettle and prowess of this new young knight. All the knights were filled with wonder at what had happened. And the king commanded that a fair shield and a mighty sword be given to the young knight, so that with it he might defend his cause in the tournament; and it was done as Arthur commanded.

When the feast was ended, they went to the green meadow, where the lists had been duly made ready. That day's jousting was remembered long in story, wherever the history of the Holy Grail was sung or told. Men marveled at the prowess of the young knight, for he did more than all the others of the king's men. In a



From the Painting by G. F. Watts.
SIR GALAHAD.

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short space he had thrown down all the knights, except Sir Lancelot, Sir Gawain, Sir Perceval, and Sir Bors.

After the jousts were over, the king and the queen and all the company went to evensong in the quiet minster, and then to supper in the great hall.

8. THE KNIGHTS TAKE VOWS TO SEEK THE GRAIL.

While King Arthur and his fellowship were seated at supper, they heard the loud cracking of thunder and the howling of a strong wind, and it seemed as if the hall would be blown down. Suddenly, in the midst of the storm, a flashing light shone into the hall, more bright by far than the light of the sun at midday. They all looked at one another with wondering looks, and found that each was more fair by far than he had ever been before. They all sat silent as if they were dumb.

In the silence there came floating into the hall the Holy Grail, veiled in cloth of white samite, and none could see who bore it. The hall was filled with refreshing odors, and sounds of sweet music trembled through the air. When it had floated all

up the long hall, it suddenly departed, and no man could tell what had become of it.

Then said Sir Gawain: "Alas! we could not see the Grail, it was so closely covered. Therefore I make this vow: To-morrow, for a year and a day, I shall depart on the quest of the Holy Grail, and for longer if need be; and never will I return to this court until I have seen the Holy Grail more openly than at this time."

When the other knights heard Sir Gawain say this, they arose, the greater part of them, and made the same vow.

Then the king was very sad at heart, and said: "Alas, Sir Gawain, you have almost killed me with the vow and promise that you have taken. Surely you have bereft me of the fairest fellowship of men and the truest knighthood ever gathered together in any kingdom of this world. When they depart hence, very sure am I that never again shall we all meet together, for many will die far away, not having achieved the Grail. I have loved them as well as my life, and it grieves me to the heart to have this my fellowship broken." And the tears fell from his eyes, and he said, "Sir Gawain, Sir Gawain, you have brought much sorrow upon me and upon our kingdom."

Then Sir Lancelot strove to comfort him, saying, "Comfort yourself, my king, for it will be great honor to us all if we die in this quest, much more than if we die in any other, and of death we may all be sure at the last."

When the queen and her gentlewomen heard of the vows that the knights had taken on them, they were very sorrowful, for no knight might take his lady with him on that quest, but each must go alone on the way that he should choose. Then at last they all went to rest after the marvels of the day.

As soon as it was dawn the king rose up, for he had had no rest all that night for sorrow, and went to Sir Gawain and Sir Lancelot and found them risen to hear mass. "Sir Gawain, Sir Gawain," said the king again, "you have brought me much sorrow." Then he took counsel with them to see if in any way the vows might be undone. "But I know well," said the king, "it cannot be; now that so many good knights have sworn it, they may in no wise leave the quest."

So the king and the queen went with them all together to the minster. After the service was done, they counted and found that an hun-

dred and fifty knights had sworn to go, and they were all of the Round Table. On the next day they were of one mind that the time had come when they should depart, and every knight set forth on the way that he deemed best.

9. THE VISION OF SIR GAWAIN.

Interesting as it would be, it is, of course, impossible for us to follow all the hundred and fifty Knights of the Round Table on their adventures, as they rode on the quest of the Holy Grail. Indeed, many of the old stories themselves have been lost; and of those that remain, we can choose only a few.

When Sir Gawain had left the court of King Arthur, he rode for many months on his quest. During this time he encountered many strange and perilous adventures. At last he came in his wanderings into that country where King Fisher-man's castle was.

As he rode one day through a great forest, he spied through the trees a little dwelling. Near the entrance, under a small tree, he saw sitting a noble old man, with clean-shaven face and white

hair, dressed as a hermit. The man was looking at the armor of a knight which a squire had brought to show him. When he saw Sir Gawain, he rose up and said: "Fair sir, make no noise. Lying within my dwelling, sick unto death, is the best knight in all the world. It may be we shall heal him. Great pity would it be to all this land if he should die."

"Sir," said Gawain, "may I not speak with him?"

"Nay," said the hermit, "of his courtesy he would rise from his couch, and that would be the worse for him. Therefore I keep him quiet within my house, and no man may see him."

Gawain was troubled, for he thought it might be Perceval. Then the hermit asked him whither he was bound.

"To find the castle of King Fisherman. Can you tell me by what way one should go to find it?"

"Sir," said the hermit, "no man can teach you the way; the will of God only can lead you."

Then a damsel came to the door of the little house and called low to the hermit, and, taking leave of Sir Gawain, he entered the house, and closed the door.

Sir Gawain rode off mournfully, for he would willingly have seen the best knight in all the world. For many leagues he continued his journey. The forest pleased him well, the birds sang in the leafy trees, and often he passed a little brook flowing between flowery banks and green open spaces, where he saw the deer pass by in great herds.

He rode on till it was near to evensong. The evening was fair and calm, and the sun was about to set as he drew near the edge of the forest.

Soon he came to a peaceful meadow land, and, looking before him, he saw a castle on a mountain, near the forest. It was inclosed by high walls with battlements, and within were noble halls, whose windows showed in the outer walls. In the midst was an ancient tower that was surrounded by a moat and meadow lands. The entrance to the castle lay far without. As he looked, he saw at the gate a lion lying chained, and the chain was fixed to the wall.

Sir Gawain rode slowly up, hardly hoping to enter, because of the lion chained at the gate. He looked up to the top of the walls and saw people who seemed to him to be clothed like priests and holy men, and bald and ancient knights wearing

what seemed garments of ancient fashion. In each recess of the wall was a cross and a little chapel.

Above the wall, near by the entrance of the great hall, was another chapel, and above the chapel was a tall, golden cross glittering in the setting sun. On either side were two smaller crosses, rather lower, and on the top of each was a golden eagle. The priests and the knights upon the walls knelt toward the chapel, and looked up to heaven, praying.

Sir Gawain looked at them from far off, and to the right and to the left he saw no way by which he could enter. Then he saw coming from the castle toward him a knight, who saluted him, asking him what he wished.

"To enter the castle if I may." And Sir Gawain asked whose the castle might be.

"The castle of King Fisherman," said the knight.

At this Sir Gawain leaped from his horse and knelt down, thanking God that he had so nearly succeeded in his quest of the Holy Grail. Then the knight led him over the bridges and in at the gates, past the lion, which crouched low as they passed. As he mounted a flight of marble steps into the high hall, a great light shone all around,

and all the company praised God aloud. When Sir Gawain had washed, the attendants put rich garments on him, and led him into the chamber of King Fisherman.

The lord of this castle and of the chapel wherein the Grail appeared was sick unto death. He lay on a bed hung with cords, and on it was a mattress of straw and a coverlet of fine sable furs. On his head he had a cap of sable and red samite, with a golden cross on top. Under his head was a pillow smelling sweetly of balm. At the four corners of the pillow were four bright stones, from which flashed golden light. In front of him stood a great pillar of burnished copper, and on it sat a golden eagle holding a cross of gold, into which was set a piece of the True Cross. Before this cross the good old king prayed.

The king made Sir Gawain welcome and asked him his name.

“Sir, my name is Gawain, a nephew of King Arthur, and constable of all his lands.”

“Sir,” said the king, “this radiant light that shines here around us comes from God for love of you. Every time a good knight comes to this castle, the light shines, as you see. I would gladly make great rejoicings for you, could I help

myself; but I have fallen very sick, because a good knight, who visited me, knew not what he should say when a vision of the Grail came before him. For our dear Lord's sake take heed that you are careful and do not as he did; for well would it be if my health could be restored and the troublous times pass away from this land. Here beside me is Dindrane, the daughter of my brother, Alain-li-gros. She has been plundered of all her land, and she will never get it back again unless Sir Perceval win it back for her. We have been told that he is the best knight in all the world, but we can gain no tidings of him.

"Damsel," said Sir Gawain to Dindrane, "I would gladly help you if I could, and I would rather see your brother than any other knight in all the world. I have no tidings of him except that, as I journeyed, a long while after I had left King Arthur's court, I was at a hermitage in the forest; and the hermit would not let me make any noise, or even enter in. 'For,' he said, 'the best knight in all the world lies sick within.'"

"Sir," said Dindrane, "those who have seen my brother say that he is the most gracious knight that ever was."

"In truth," said King Fisherman, "I never saw

a better ; but good came not to me through his staying with me, and now I am so sick I can help neither myself nor others."

Then they led Sir Gawain back into the hall and seated him at a rich table of ivory, with twelve knights who were each a hundred years old, though they seemed only forty. "Sir," said the master of the knights, "remember what the good king prayed you this night."

"Sir," answered Sir Gawain, "I will do my uttermost."

Then men brought venison and wild boar's flesh and other meats in great abundance. On the table were rich vessels of silver and great cups of gold, and high candlesticks with great candles burning, though the bright light shining in the hall made them seem to burn dimly.

Then, behold ! two damsels came from the chapel, and one held in her hand the most Holy Grail. They walked through the hall where Sir Gawain sat eating, and so sweet and holy a scent came to him that he forgot to eat. Sir Gawain gazed at the Grail ; and it seemed to him that he saw the vessel, though it was covered with a samite cloth ; and it seemed to him that he saw two angels bearing two golden candlesticks filled with lighted candles.

Then Sir Gawain became so thoughtful, and such great joy came to him, that he remembered nothing but to think of God only, and he spoke no word, but sat in amaze. The knights looked sadly at Sir Gawain and slowly left the room; and Sir Gawain slept till morning, for he was weary from his wanderings.

When he awoke the next morning, the doors were all fast closed round him, but he heard a voice saying, "He that comes from without, let him go; the bridges are lowered and the gates opened." Then a damsel came into the hall, and said to him: "Sir, God guard you, for maybe it was not your own fault that you could not speak the word that would have given such joy in this castle." Then Sir Gawain went forth sore perplexed, and found his horse ready saddled and bridled, and rode back into the forest.

10. SIR PERCEVAL HAS AN ADVENTURE WITH A GOOD KNIGHT.

Sir Perceval lay a long time at the hermitage. One day, King Hermit having gone into the forest, the good knight found himself stronger

and better than he had been for a long time. He heard the birds singing in the trees, and his heart began to swell within him, as when he had been a boy. He remembered all the adventures he had been used to find in the forest, and the damsels and knights he had met. He never felt a greater longing to be armed and away than he did now, for he had never stayed within doors so long as now. Very soon he armed himself, and, saddling his horse, he mounted and made off.

Then he prayed to God to send him a good adventure, and that he might meet a good knight. So he rode on and on into the deep and shady forest, listening to the birds and rejoicing in the fresh, green leaves, till by and by he saw a great leafy tree that stood near a green open space. He alighted and lay down in the shade of the tree, and as he lay he thought that two knights might easily joust in such a space, for it was fair and broad.

While he was thinking this, he heard a horse neigh three times, and he was very glad. Then he prayed, "Ah! dear God, of Thy sweetness grant that this may be a good knight with that horse, so that I may see if there be any force or valor or knighthood left in me. I pray that this

may be a knight that cometh, and that he have strength and hardihood and mettle to defend himself, and grant now that I slay him not, nor he me."

Perceval sprang on his horse and saw an armed knight coming toward him. At his neck he had hanging a white shield with a cross of gold. He carried his lance low, and was seated on a great war horse and rode very swiftly. As soon as Perceval saw him nearing, he steadied himself in his stirrups and set his spear in rest, and, setting his spurs into his horse, he went toward the knight at a gallop.

"Sir Knight," he cried, "guard yourself with your shield, and God grant I find you a valiant knight of great courage, that I may try and see what strength I have left, for I am not yet as strong as I used to be." Then he smote the knight on his shield with such a sweep of his sword that he made him lose a stirrup, and pierced his shield just about the boss.

The knight was astonished, and asked, saying, "Fair sir, what evil deed have I done you?" But Perceval was silent, for he was not pleased that he had not dismounted the knight. They rode at each other again as hard as their horses

would, and they came together with great force, so that they pierced and battered each other's shields. And Perceval's spear pierced the flesh two finger lengths; but the strange knight passed his spear right through Perceval's arm, so that the shaft of his lance was splintered.

Then they went at each other with so much rage that the splinters from the iron of their breastplates stuck in their foreheads and faces, and the blood streamed from their noses and mouths. They drew their swords through the air with great sweeps, and the Knight of the White Shield took hold of Sir Perceval's rein and said, "I would gladly know who you are and why you fight me, for you are a sturdy knight and have wounded me sorely."

Perceval said not a word, and they ran at each other with drawn swords, and gave each other such blows on their helmets that they saw sparkles of stars, and the forest rang with the clashing of their swords. At the last the blood that ran from their wounds weakened them, although they were so heated that they hardly remembered they were wounded, and still dealt each other great blows without ceasing.

Then came King Hermit, seated on a mule,

seeking his nephew; and, hearing the sound of swords, he rode at full speed and put himself between them to stop their fighting. "Sir," he said to the Knight of the White Shield, "you do wrong to fight with one who has so long been on a bed of sickness."

"But, sir," said the other, "do what I could, he would fight me, and I know not why, though a right good knight he is."

"Fair sir," said King Hermit, "who are you?"

"I am Lancelot," said he.

"Fair nephew," said King Hermit, "this is your cousin."

Then he made them unlace their helmets and kiss each other. Afterward he led them to the hermitage, where a damsel that was a good leech cared for their wounds. Sir Perceval's wounds were soon healed; but Lancelot was hurt the worst, and he was sick for a long time, and King Hermit and the damsels tended him carefully.

II. SIR PERCEVAL RESCUES DINDRANE.

The heart of Sir Perceval rejoiced within him when he found that his strength had returned to

him, and he at once set out to seek the Holy Grail. After he had ridden a long way through the forest and was coming out to the meadows on the other side, he met the damsel of the car, who, with her two attendants, was journeying to seek him. When she found him, she was full of joy, and prayed him eagerly to go quickly and succor the widow lady Yglais his mother, and his sister, the holy nun, Dindrane. "For," said the damsel, "many years have we journeyed seeking you, and sore calamities have fallen on those you love, because you were not there to help them.

"And now," she continued, "is the worst peril of all upon them, and without your aid they are indeed miserable. Lord Aristole¹ is about to marry. He is going to take the daughter of the widow lady for his wife. He has carried her off by force from her castle of Camelot, and has left her in the house of one of his vavasors or dependants, until such a time as he desires to marry her. We are very sorrowful, for she is a lady of most noble lineage and of great beauty, and the best lady in all the world. Sad it is that he should have her, for on the day of the New Year he will cut off her head; such has always been his custom."

¹ Aristole = Ar'-is-töl.

“Where is this lord?” said Perceval. “Can you tell me where he is?”

“Yes,” said the damsel, “he is fighting with a true and valiant knight, whose name is the Knight Hardy. Every knight that passes through this forest yonder Aristole tries to slay.”

At that Sir Perceval rode off, and when he had gone two or three leagues and entered the forest, he heard the clash of the knights’ swords as they fought in a little clearing. As soon as he spied them, he put spurs to his horse, and, lance in rest, he smote Aristole right through the breastplate, so that he was thrown backward out of his saddle. Then cried Sir Perceval, “I am come to my sister’s wedding; it is not right that it should be held without me.”

Aristole, who was strong and hardy, reseated himself on his saddle, and rode at Sir Perceval as if he were mad, but Perceval smote him again so hard that he thrust his spear right through his body and threw him and his horse in a heap to the ground. Then he dismounted and slashed off his head and hanged it at his saddlebow.

After this Perceval rode off through the deep forest, and after he had made his way in spite of many dangerous encounters, he came to the castle keep. The lady, his sister, was in the house of

the vavasor, a very worthy man, who had tried to comfort her. But she moaned and lamented for her mother, the widow lady, who, for her part, was in great anguish on account of her lost daughter.

Then Perceval, armed as he was, dismounted at the mounting-stage before the hall. "Sir," said the vavasor, "you are welcome."

"Good adventure may you have," replied Sir Perceval. As he held Aristole's head in his hand by the hair, the vavasor wondered that any one should carry a knight's head in his hand in such a fashion.

When Perceval came to the hall where his sister sat lamenting, he said, "Damsel, look up; weep not! for your wedding is prevented. Behold the head of him who carried you off." Then Din-drane, recognizing her brother by the arms he bore, sprang up and welcomed him with tears of joy. Sir Perceval thanked the vavasor for all the kindness he had shown his sister, and departed, his sister going with him on the mule which had brought her hither.

After many a long league of riding through the deep forest, the good knight and the most holy nun, his sister, drew near the castle of the Valleys

of Camelot. The widow lady was watching at the window of the hall, and at a great distance off she knew her daughter. "Oh! dear God," she cried, "I see my daughter and a knight with her. Grant, O God! if it be Thy good pleasure, that it may be my son."

As Perceval came near the castle with his sister, he saw again the little chapel, standing on four columns of marble, between the forest and the castle. He was passing by the chapel, but his sister said to him, "Sir brother, no knight may pass by here unless he goes in to pray at the tomb within the chapel."

Then he alighted and set the damsel on the ground, and together they went into the little chapel. As soon as he came near, the tomb suddenly fell apart, and inside could be seen the embalmed remains of Joseph of Arimathea. When the widow lady saw this marvel, she knew right well that it was her son indeed, and she kissed and blessed him and rejoiced with all her heart. Then she began to weep for joy, and kissed both Perceval and Dindrane again, and yet again.

"Fair son," she said, "by you all my great joy has returned to me. Now I may very well depart, for I have lived long enough."

"Lady," he said, "your life should be an offense to none, for to none hath it ever done ill. But, so please you, and if God will, you shall not end your life in this place, but rather in the castle that belongs to King Fisherman, your brother. There the Holy Grail abides and the holy relics are."

"Dear son," she said, "your words are welcome to me; gladly would I be there."

"Lady mother," Sir Perceval replied, "God will give us counsel and help by which we may take you there. And my dear sister, if she wishes to marry, we will give to a good and courteous knight with whom she may live happily."

"My brother," said Dindrane, "none shall I ever marry. It is well that I should go with you till you achieve the Grail."

Perceval stayed a long time with his mother and sister in the castle, and saw that all the land was peaceful. Dindrane told her brother that she had seen the Grail, and after that wandered for many years looking for him, and all that had happened since he had left the castle after unwittingly killing the Red Knight. And Sir Perceval made known to his mother and his sister all that he had done since he had been knighted by the hand of King Arthur.

“Now,” he said to Dindrane, “I must leave you for a space, but afterward I will take my mother and establish her at the castle of King Fisherman. Then, as the quest demands it of us, you and I will follow.”

12. THE CASTLE OF THE QUEEN OF THE MAIDENS.

After this Sir Perceval left his mother and sister and rode a long way till he came to the seashore. By and by he saw a castle on a high rock over the sea. As he went he saw a squire coming down the steep way over the rocks to meet him, and he asked him whose the castle was. “Sir,” said the squire, “it belongs to the Queen of the Maidens.”

Sir Perceval rode to the gates of the castle and dismounted at the mounting-stage. Looking toward the steps by which the higher hall was reached, he saw on them row upon row of knights and damsels, but neither knight nor damsel greeted him. Then he saluted them, and went his way toward the door of the great hall, and found it shut. Then he rattled the knocker so hard that all the walls resounded.

A knight came and opened the door, saying, "Sir Knight, you are welcome."

"Good adventures may you have," replied Sir Perceval, and entered the castle. Then he took off his helmet, and the knight led him into the queen's chamber.

She welcomed him with great joy and made him sit beside her all armed. And a damsel kneeled at the queen's feet and said, "Lady, behold the knight who first saw the Grail."

"Now haste," said the queen, "sound the ivory horn before the castle."

Then the rows of knights and damsels leaped up with great rejoicing, for they knew now that their penance was finished. The queen took Perceval by the hand and went forth to meet them. "Behold," she said, "the knight through whom you have such distress ; he is come to release you."

"He is very welcome," said the knights.

"Truly he is," said the queen. "He is the knight, of all the world, whom I most have longed to see."

Then the queen said to Sir Perceval : "These knights and damsels have been on the steps at the entrance to our castle ever since you failed to understand the signs shown to you in the castle of

King Fisherman. Never since then have they entered a house to eat or drink or sleep, nor would they now if you had not come ; so you cannot marvel at their joy. But more than this : we have sore need of you, for a wicked knight, the king of Mortal Castle, who is brother to King Fisherman, makes war on me because I hold my castle from the king."

"Lady," said Sir Perceval, "I know him; he is my uncle. And I tell you truly the king of Mortal Castle is the most cruel king that lives; and he makes war on King Fisherman and would capture the chapel of the Grail."

"Sir Knight," said the queen, "he comes to an island in the sea near by, and thence he plunders and harms my land. He has killed many of my knights and damsels, and I pray God to take vengeance on him." So saying she led Sir Perceval to the windows that looked over the sea. "Now you may see the island," she said, "where your wicked uncle came in a galley last night, and where he rests to lay his plans before he strikes his blow. And here near us in the little bay are the galleys which strive to defend us from him."

After Sir Perceval had eaten and rested, he armed himself and entered one of the queen's

galleys, and made the sailors row him toward the island. His uncle was much amazed to see him coming, for no knight had ever before dared to go and meet him. But he knew not as yet that it was Sir Perceval, or he would have hardly been so much astonished.

Then Perceval's galley reached the shore of the island, and he landed. The queen and all her maidens and knights stood at the window to watch what would happen. The king of Mortal Castle was tall and strong and hardy. He saw his nephew coming armed, but still he did not know him. But Sir Perceval knew his uncle, and kept his sword drawn and his shield on his arm, and flew at him so angrily and dealt him such a blow on the helmet, that he made him reel.

The king did not spare Sir Perceval, but struck back so sturdily that his helmet, too, was all dented. Then Perceval struck again, hoping that the blow would fall on his enemy's head ; but the king swerved aside and it only fell on the shield, but this it split down as far as the boss. Then the king of Mortal Castle drew back in fear, for Sir Perceval's sword struck him everywhere, and if his habergeon had not been so strong and tough, he would have been wounded in many places.

The king himself dealt such blows that the queen, and all those with her at the windows, wondered to see how Sir Perceval withstood them. Then the king looked at the shield Sir Perceval bore, and said, "Knight, who gave you that shield, and for whom do you carry it?"

"My father," said Sir Perceval, "King Alain-ligros, of the Valley of Camelot."

"Then you are my nephew," said the king.

"Yes, and very sorry am I that I am," Perceval replied, "for from you have we never had any honor. You are the most disloyal knight of all our kindred. I knew when I came here that it was you, and you do I defy and hold for my enemy. You war upon the best king and the most honorable man that lives, and on the queen of his castle because she aids him as best she may. But, please God, you shall never have her castle, nor the castle where the chapel lies wherein the Holy Grail abides, for God loves you not."

Then the king of Mortal Castle, fearing that he could not overcome his nephew, turned and ran full speed to his galley, and leaped upon it, and pushed out from the shore. Sir Perceval followed him, right down to the beach, raging to think that his wicked uncle had escaped him. He cried after

him as loud as he could: "Wicked king, never tell me again that I am of your kindred. Never yet did a knight of our lineage but you only flee from another knight. I have conquered this island; never dare to be seen on it again."

Then Sir Perceval returned to the castle, and the queen made great rejoicings in his honor, for she and her knights knew that the king of Mortal Castle would never dare return to the island again.

13. HOW SIR PERCEVAL SAW THE KING OF MORTAL CASTLE AGAIN.

After this Sir Perceval went on his way, hoping ever to meet again with the king of Mortal Castle and kill him. Many a long month passed, and still he found him not, though other adventures he found in plenty. At last, one day, as he rode through a forest, he came to a chapel in a wood, and, as his custom was, he entered in to pray.

While he was praying, he heard a voice saying: "Good King Fisherman is dead and the king of Mortal Castle has seized his castle, and never since has the Holy Grail appeared to any. No one knows what has become of the priests that served

the chapel, or of the twelve ancient knights and holy damsels. Go quickly to that land and slay him, or the law of God that has been established will be destroyed throughout the land."

Then Sir Perceval made haste, and rode as quickly as he might till he came to the hermitage of King Hermit, his good uncle and the brother of King Fisherman. But the way was long, and it was many weary months before he saw the hermitage before him.

King Hermit had long desired to see Perceval, and greeted him with much joy; and Sir Perceval recounted to him all the adventures that had befallen him since he had departed from the hermitage. His uncle, King Hermit, wondered at all the marvelous things that were told him, and rejoiced in the courage and prowess of his nephew. Many of the strange happenings he was able to interpret to Sir Perceval, who had been at a loss how to account for them.

Then King Hermit said: "Fair nephew, since you were made a knight, many are the ways in which you have served the Lord and helped forward His law in Britain. Marvel not if you have had sore labor in thus serving God, for never can a man win honor without pain and striving. Now

there lies before you another high adventure to achieve. Your mother's brother, your uncle, the king of Mortal Castle, some time since seized the lands of his brother, your uncle, King Fisherman. All the people who dwell there have returned to their evil ways and their old gods by his commandment.

"No other man but you is able to set right this great wrong. The castle and the lands are yours by right, and very sad it is that they should be in the hands of such an evil man. Since the death of King Fisherman the castle has been much strengthened. Nine bridges have been newly made, and at each bridge are set tall and strong knights to guard them. The chapel wherein the most Holy Grail was wont to appear is emptied of all the holy relics, and no man has seen again the priest and maidens who served at the altar."

"Good uncle," said Perceval, "gladly will I go as you advise me. He that now possesses the castle hath no right to it. My mother, who was next of kin to King Fisherman, because of whose death I am very sorrowful, should have the castle. Surely I will take it from him."

"Dear nephew," said King Hermit, "you do well to be sorrowful for the death of King Fisher-

man, for some say you might have healed him of his sore wound ; but of that I myself am not sure. Had God so willed it, it would have been made clear to you what you should have done. But go now and take with you my white mule starred on the forehead with a red cross ; and a certain banner also you shall take.

“The power of God is greater than your own. Seven and twenty strong knights guard well the nine bridges, and how can you alone withstand so many ? But fear not. God will open a way for you by virtue of His great power and might. If at any time you are worsted by those knights, mount upon the mule and take the banner, and your foes shall forthwith lose their strength and fail. I know well that you are the best knight in all the world, but put not your trust in your own strength alone.”

Sir Perceval listened meekly to all the holy hermit said.

“And now, good nephew,” continued the hermit, “there are at the gates of the castle two great lions, the one red, the other white. Trust in him that is white, and if at any time your force should be diminished, look straight at him. He will look at you in such a fashion that you will know in

your heart what is the wisest thing for you to do. Therefore do as he would have you, for all his intention is to help you, and in no other manner can you win your way into the castle."

With this, Perceval set forth, all armed, upon his war horse, followed by the white mule. He met a company of hermits fleeing from the wrath of the king of Mortal Castle, and among them he found his cousin Joseus,¹ the son of King Pelles, one of his uncles. Then he commanded all of them to turn back again with him, for he would establish them all in safety again in their hermitages.

The knights that guarded the bridges saw Sir Perceval from afar off and told their lord and king. But the king of Mortal Castle said to them, "Have no fear; what can one knight do against so many of us?"

Then Perceval galloped forward on his war horse, after the hermits had blessed him and commended him to God's keeping. He held his spear in rest and rode at the three knights that guarded the first bridge. They all set upon him together and broke their spears on his shield. One of them he hit so hard that horse and rider fell off the bridge into the swift, deep river that flowed below.

¹ Joseus = Jō'-sē-us.

With the others he had a longer fight, but at the last he conquered them, and threw their bodies into the river.

At the second gate Sir Perceval had much trouble, so strong were the knights. Joseus, seeing this, said to his companions, "Gladly would I help him, but I fear to break my vows." But the other hermits said, "Go forth; it is the work of God." Then he threw off his hermit's cape and rushed at one of those knights, and, taking him by the neck, flung him into the river all armed as he was. Perceval quickly got the better of the others and hurled them too into that swiftly flowing river.

But now weariness overtook him because of his fight with the six knights, and he bethought him of the white lion. He looked toward the castle and saw the lion standing upright on his two hind legs, so eager was he to gaze at Perceval. Then Perceval looked him full square in the face, and, understanding, saw that the knights of the next bridge were the strongest of all; so that, weary as he was, it would be well for him to mount on the white mule, taking the banner before him.

So Perceval and Joseus drew back for a little, and at once the two bridges were closed against

them. When Perceval was again ready, the white lion broke loose from his chains, and, leaping to the bridge quickly, in spite of the knights, opened them once more. Then Perceval, on his white mule, with banner waving and naked sword in hand, approached the third bridge. The first of the three knights he smote hard and he threw him into the dark water. Then the hermit knight, Joseus, came forward and would gladly have done the same to the two others, but they cried for mercy from Sir Perceval and promised to forsake their evil master and do Perceval's will in all things.

Their prayer was granted, and then Perceval went back and dismounted from his mule and gave the banner into the hand of Joseus. Mounted on his war horse, he attacked and destroyed the knights of the fifth; but by the counsel of the white lion he again mounted the white mule, and with the power of the banner subdued those of the sixth.

Then he approached those of the seventh bridge; but when the red lion saw what had happened, he burst loose from his chains and attacked one of the conquered knights. The white lion at this leaped on the red lion and tore him to pieces.

Then the knights of the seventh bridge came to Perceval praying for grace, but all the while in their hearts they treasonably were determined to kill him. This the white lion disclosed to Sir Perceval, so that he denied their request. Then the lion bade him slay them, mounted on his mule ; but they would not fight, and Perceval was sore troubled, for he could not strike men who would not fight. Then the white lion sprang on them and tore them to pieces. Sir Perceval was astounded at the power over his evil enemies which lay in the white mule, the lion, and the banner. The knights that guarded the other two bridges were sore afraid, and quickly came to Sir Perceval to make what terms with him they could.

During all this time the king of Mortal Castle had stood on the battlements watching. When he saw how some of his knights were destroyed, and the red lion also, and how the hearts of the others had failed them, he was mad with rage and fear. Before Sir Perceval could get at him, he mounted to the highest place on the walls, and, lifting up his breastplate, he fixed his keen and well-tempered sword in such a fashion that he could throw himself upon it, and it pierced him straight through

the body. Then he fell down from the high walls, into the water that ran swift and deep outside the battlements of the castle.

Sir Perceval and all his company marveled that a king should kill himself in such a fashion. But such was his end, and it is right that the end of such an evil man should be evil, and without honor.

Then Sir Perceval cleared the castle of all the wicked followers of the king of Mortal Castle, and freed the company of holy priests, knights, and maidens, whom the king had imprisoned in the dungeons. He instructed them to restore the chapel, and to bring again the relics which they had hidden when their enemies had come, after the death of the good King Fisherman. And once more the holy service was chanted in the chapel, and once again the Grail appeared to the pious worshipers whom Perceval had restored.

After this Perceval made his way toward the castle of his mother, the widow lady. As he went, he was overtaken by the damsel of the car, who showed much joy at seeing him. "Sir," she said, "bald was I the first time I saw you; now, behold, I have my hair!"

"Yes," said Perceval, "and, as I see, hair most beautiful."

“Sir,” she continued, “I used to carry my arm at my neck, in a scarf of gold and silk, for I thought the services I had done you had been wasted; now I see that they were not, and so I carry it as I do the other. The damsel that went on foot now goes on horseback, for you have proved a fair, kind, and gentle knight, true and honorable, and worthy to be honored. Many are the damsels and good knights you have rescued, and many are the wrongs you have avenged for those who could ill help themselves.

“Much joy have you brought to the widow lady, your mother, and the holy nun, your sister. You have restored the castle of King Fisherman, and brought back peace to the land. Wherefore return now, and bring your mother, and establish her in King Fisherman’s castle, where she may wait her end, and where the most Holy Grail doth still abide.

“Afterward you and your sister shall travel through many lands and see many things, and blessings will follow in your train. You shall meet Sir Galahad,¹ the pure knight, and with him Sir Bors. But your end shall be as God pleases, when you have fulfilled His law. Never again

¹ Galahad = Gal'-a-had.

shall you return to King Arthur's pleasant court, neither you nor that pure young knight, Sir Galahad."

When she had so spoken, she passed from his sight. Then Perceval rode on, pondering in his heart what he had heard, and full of quiet joy. And he did all that the wise damsel had said, and when he had established his mother in the castle of King Fisherman he and his sister went their ways together.

We cannot follow Sir Perceval and Dindrane in all their adventures that the old stories tell us about. After a time they parted, and rode separately. One day, after Sir Perceval had been riding many hours, he came in the evening to a small hermitage, and sought within rest and counsel. Near the hermitage lived a recluse, and he kneeled at her window and prayed her to open. When she came and opened it, she asked what he desired.

"Madame," said he, "I am Sir Perceval, a knight of King Arthur's court." When she heard this she was glad, for indeed she loved him more than any other knight in the world, and well she might, for she was his aunt. Then the gates were opened, and she gave Perceval all the good cheer

she could, and he rested there most peacefully and sweetly, close by the green forest.

The next morning, as Perceval talked with her, she said, "Fair nephew, have you any tidings of your mother since you left her?"

"In truth," Sir Perceval replied, "I have not heard of her for a long time, but lately I have dreamed much of her in my sleep."

"Dear nephew," said she, "your mother is dead. After all the sorrows she has had in this life, she is fallen asleep."

"May God have mercy on her soul," said Perceval; and he was very sorrowful, and said many prayers in the chapel for her. Then the time came for him to leave, and he and his aunt were grieved, for they knew that they would meet no more on this earth.

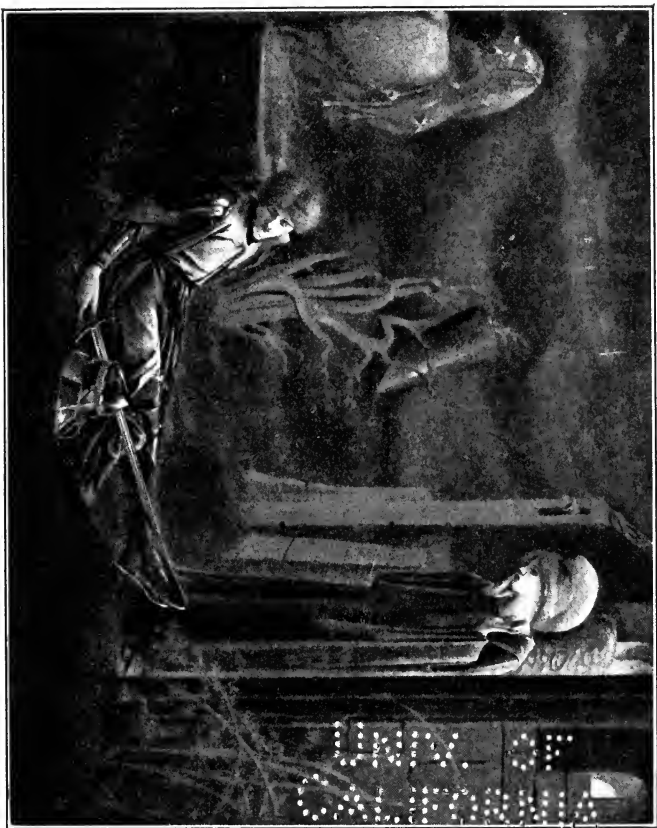
14. SIR LANCELOT AND SIR GALAHAD.

Of all the knights who followed the quest of the Holy Grail, but failed to find it, Sir Lancelot had perhaps the most wonderful adventures. Many times he went and returned to the court, without seeing even the vision of the Grail.

Once Lancelot started forth with King Arthur himself; once also in the company of Sir Perceval, and at another time of Sir Gawain. Many were the knights and the maidens in distress whom he succored.

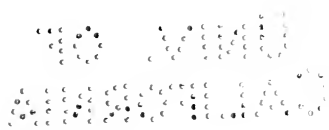
Once he entered the castle of King Fisherman itself, and all things made way before him, but still the Grail did not appear to him. At last, after a deadly encounter with some wicked knights, when he and Sir Bors were left well-nigh dead, though having vanquished their enemies, the blessed vessel was seen by Sir Bors. Its influence healed both him and Sir Lancelot of their wounds, and they were again able to pursue their adventures.

It was while King Arthur and Lancelot were together that, journeying one day along the seashore, they saw a wonderful sight. The day had been hot, for it was in summer, and there were no trees to give them shade; and, weary with their ride, they had dismounted from their horses, and sat them down in the shadow of a great rock. It was evening, and a faint breeze rippled the water which fell in little wavelets on the sand. From afar a light mist came stealing in, and enveloping the king and Lancelot, floated in great billows far inland over the salt meadows.



From the Painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

THE DREAM OF SIR LANCELOT.



Presently they heard, faintly at first, but soon more distinctly, the silver tones of a bell out at sea, and they saw gleaming through the misty air a small ship. The ship seemed as if it were made of light, and the sound of softly singing voices reached them, bringing to them sweet refreshment. As the wonderful vision neared the shore, they saw for an instant, amidships, as it were a tongue of rosy flame trembling; and then the vision floated away and faded, vanishing in the distance. But ever they heard the silvery tone of the bell. Soon the vapor lifted, and the bright beams of the setting sun flashed a path of light over the silent sea. Then Lancelot and the king rose, comforted and rested, and, speaking no word, continued their journey.

After this they parted, the king to return to his castle, Lancelot to see what would befall. As he rode on his way, he came to a little hermitage, and the hermit Joseus was sitting outside his door. He made Lancelot very welcome, for he knew well who he was. Lancelot came and sat beside him, when he had fed and cared for his horse. They spoke of many things together, and the hermit interpreted to Lancelot his vision. "Now," he said, "soon you will see Sir Galahad, that pure

young knight who in all his short life hath done no evil thing. Right well should you rejoice that you are father to such a son. Honor and worship have all your kindred thereby."

Well Lancelot remembered the young knight who had sat in the Seat Perilous at the Round Table before ever the knights had made their vows to follow the quest of the Holy Grail, and he rejoiced that such a noble knight was his son. Elaine,¹ the daughter of King Pelles,² was the mother of Sir Galahad, and she had brought the boy up in the lonely castle of King Pelles.

Lancelot rested well for the night and shared the simple food of the hermit knight Joseus.

The next morning, when he had heard mass, Sir Lancelot departed. He had not ridden far when he came to a great, gloomy forest. The way was all tangled over with rank growth of briars and wild weeds growing so close together that hardly could his horse push through them. When he had been riding many hours, he found that he had altogether lost his way. The forest was so dark that he judged that the evening was come, so, faint for want of food, but grieving more that he had nothing to feed his horse, he spent the night

¹ Elaine = E-lān'.

² Pelles = Pel'-lēz.

in a little open space made by the gnarled roots of a great tree.

While he slept he dreamed, and in his dream he heard a voice saying, "Lancelot, arise and go to the edge of the forest and enter into the first ship that thou shalt find." When he heard these words, he started up and saw a great clearness all around him, so he mounted on his horse and took his way out into the light. He presently reached the sea-shore, and on the strand he found a ship without sail or oars. Entering, he saw a fair chamber, and in the chamber a writing which said, "Tarry here till Sir Galahad come."

One evening he walked upon the strand in the moonlight, meditating, and he saw a young knight going into the ship. Sir Lancelot went to him and said, "Sir, you are welcome," and asked him his name, for his heart was strangely moved within him.

"My name is Sir Galahad," answered he, "and I am your son." Then he kneeled down and asked his father's blessing, and there was such joy between them, that none could tell how great it was. Then they told each other all their perilous adventures that had befallen. And Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad stayed full half a year in that ship, praying together.

One night they saw a knight armed in white, riding to them on the sand. He came to the ship and said, "Sir Galahad, you have been long enough with your father; come out of the ship and go where I shall show you."

"Now, my dear son Sir Galahad," said Sir Lancelot, "since we must part and shall never see each other more, I pray the high Father in heaven to keep and preserve both you and me."

Sir Galahad said, "No prayer will prevail more than yours, my father." And so, embracing each other tenderly, they parted. And Sir Galahad rode away with the shining knight in white armor into the dark forest.

15. THE VISION OF SIR LANCELOT.

Sir Lancelot was sorrowful and cast down when Sir Galahad had left him. He remained by the seashore praying for a season. As he kneeled, there fell on his ear the faint and far-away tones of the silver bell, and, looking up, he saw coming swiftly toward him over the water a little ship. When it had neared the strand he stepped aboard, and the ship passed swiftly out to sea. Sir Lancelot kneeled still, praying.

The sound of the bell came clearer and clearer and louder to him, till presently, at midnight, he heard the chimes sounding clear from a great, high rock, and on it he saw a castle rich and fair, looking over the sea. When his ship came to land, he stepped forth and came to a little postern gate, with two lions standing at the entry. The moon shone clear; he heard a voice saying, "Lancelot, leave the ship and enter into the castle, and thou shalt see a great part of thy heart's desire."

Lancelot set his hands on his sword and drew it, and again he heard the voice which said, "Oh, man of little faith, wherefore dost thou trust to the strength of thine own arms rather than in the power of God, in whose service thou art?"

Then Lancelot cried out, "Great Father, and dear Lord Jesus, I thank Thee for reproving me of my misdeed, and that Thou holdest me for Thy servant."

Then he took his sword and laid it down on his shield, and reverently he came up to the lions, who let him pass without in any way harming him. Sir Lancelot entered, and found no gate or door closed against him. At last he came to a chamber, the door of which was closed, and he tried as hard as he might to open it, but he could not.

Listening, he heard a voice which sang so sweetly that he knew it could not be of this earth.

The words he heard were, "Joy and honor to the Father of heaven." Then Lancelot kneeled low and bowed his head, for he knew that in that chamber must be the Holy Grail. And he prayed, saying, "Dear Lord and Father, have pity on me, and of Thy great goodness show me somewhat of that which I seek."

Then the door softly opened and the chamber was full of clear light. He came to the door to enter, but the voice said, "Forbear; to enter is not for thee." He looked and saw in the midst of the fair chamber the Holy Grail shining through a cloth of red samite. As one in a dream, he made again to enter the chamber, but it seemed as if a breath mingled with fire smote him in the face, so that he fell to the ground senseless. Then hands took him up and laid him in another room, and still he awoke not from his swoon.

The next morning the folk of the castle found Lancelot within, and they marveled how he could have entered the castle. He lay for twenty-four days and nights in a swoon like one dead. When he opened his eyes, they asked, "What have you seen?"

And he said, "I have seen such great marvels that no tongue may tell them, and such peace have I that no man can even understand if I should try to tell him."

Then the lord of the castle bade them bring Lancelot to him, and he saw that it was King Pelles. And the king said to him, "My fair daughter is dead, and for her sake you have seen what you have seen."

Then Lancelot replied to King Pelles, "She was a sweet, fair lady, fresh and young, and her son is the truest, purest knight alive." And Lancelot sorrowed for her truly.

Then he took his leave and made his way back to the court of King Arthur, for he had sworn himself the true champion and knight of Queen Guinevere, and always he held himself ready to do her knightly service.

16. SIR GALAHAD, SIR PERCEVAL, SIR BORS, AND DINDRANE.

Many were the adventures of Sir Galahad after he betook himself to the quest of the Holy Grail. He was very young, but he was very strong, and

his mother Elaine and his grandfather King Pelles had trained him in courtly manners and great gentleness and in all chivalrous pursuits. From the first they had known that he would achieve the Grail, but when, they knew not.

After Sir Galahad had followed the knight in shining armor a long way through the gloomy forest, they came at nightfall to a lonely hermitage, and the shining knight commended Galahad to the care of the hermit. Taking leave of Sir Galahad, he said, "Fair and gentle knight, farewell. Ere long one shall come for you whom you will gladly follow." So saying, he vanished away from their sight.

When they were all at rest in the house, that very night, there came a knocking at the door and a voice called, "Sir Galahad." The hermit went to the door to know who it might be. Then the voice called to the hermit, "Sir, I am one that would speak with Sir Galahad." The hermit waked Sir Galahad and bade him rise, and told him to come and speak with a gentlewoman who seemed to have great need of him.

Then Galahad went out to her and she said, "Arm you, Sir Knight, and mount your horse and follow me, and I will show you the greatest adventure

that any knight has seen." So he took his horse, and commended himself to God, and bade the damsel lead the way, saying that he would follow where she should lead him.

Taking leave of the hermit, the damsel rode off at a gallop, till they came to the seashore. There they found a ship in which were Sir Perceval and Sir Bors, and when Perceval saw Dindrane and Sir Galahad, he was glad. They had much joy of each other and thanked God that He had brought them together. After having eaten and refreshed themselves, they sat talking together, telling each other of their journeys and trials and temptations, and how through the strength of God they had overcome.

Then they sailed away till they came to a rocky shore, where they could not land until they had passed into another ship which lay empty by the rocks. When they entered this ship, they wondered greatly, so marvelously rich and fair did they find it. In the midst was a fair bed, and on the silken coverlid was a crown of gold lying. At the foot of the bed Sir Galahad found a sword, very beautiful, and it was drawn out of the scabbard more than half a foot.

The fashion of the sword was very wonderful.

The pommel was of stone, and in it were all manner of flashing colors, and each several color had its own virtue. The handle was made of the ribs of two strange beasts. One of these beasts was a serpent, called the serpent of the fiend, whose bones are of such worth that no hand that touched it was ever weary or hurt. The other beast was a great fish that is found in the river Euphrates, and whoso handled his bones had so much courage that he was never weary. While he handled it, he thought of neither joy nor sorrow, but only of what lay before him to accomplish. And this mighty sword might belong to no man but one who should surpass all others both in courage and in meekness.

Sir Perceval and Sir Bors both tried to draw the sword from its scabbard, but could not. Sir Galahad looked and saw on the sword in blood-red letters, "Let him who is hardiest draw the sword, and never shall he fail in any encounter or be wounded unto death."

Then Sir Galahad did not try to draw the sword, for he thought that it could not be he who was hardiest. But the holy nun Dindrane came to him and said, "Sir Galahad, no man may ever draw this sword but only you."



From a Statue in the Hofkirche, Innsbruck, Austria.

A KNIGHT OF THE ROUND TABLE.

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“You speak wise words,” said Sir Galahad, “but, in truth, it belongeth no more to me than to Sir Perceval or Sir Bors.”

Now there was no girdle for the sword, and Sir Perceval said, “Where shall we find one that will be fit?”

“Fair sir,” said his sister, “be not dismayed, for I will show you a girdle for the sword which shall rightly belong to it.” Then she opened a box and took out a girdle woven with golden threads and set with precious stones, and with a rich buckle of gold. “See, my lords,” she said, “the greatest part of this girdle was made of my hair. I loved it too well when I was a woman of this world; but as soon as I knew this adventure was ordained for me, I clipped off my hair and made this girdle.”

Then the others said to Sir Galahad, “We pray you, gird you with the sword in the name of the Lord.”

Then he drew it out, and the damsel girded him with the sword, and said, “Now I care not how soon I die, for surely I am one of the most blessed maidens of this world, since I have hereby made you the worthiest knight of all the world.”

“Fair damsel,” said Sir Galahad, “so much

have you done for me that I shall be your knight all the days of my life."

After this they returned to the other ship, and the wind drove them far out to sea, and the next day they had come to the marshes of the north-land. They passed a port and came to shore. The damsel said, "Here are men who, if they knew you came from Arthur's court, would soon destroy you if they could."

"Damsel," said Sir Galahad, "He that delivered us from the sea and from the rocks will deliver us from them also."

While they were speaking, a squire from the castle came to them and asked them who they were.

"We are of King Arthur's court," they said.

Then said the squire, "It is a sad day for you, for surely you are come to your death."

Then they said, "We will not go away, for He will help us to whose service we are bound."

Then many knights came down from the castle and rode against them; but Sir Perceval threw the foremost to the ground and took his horse, and so also did Sir Galahad and Sir Bors to two other knights, for they had left their horses behind when they first took ship. When they all

had horses, they set upon the knights and drove them into the castle, and then they alighted and slew them all and went into the hall. When they saw the host of men they had killed, they feared that they had been great sinners, but Sir Bors said, "If God had loved them, we should have had no power to kill them thus."

"Do not say so," said Sir Galahad; "if they did evil before God, to Him belongs the vengeance, not to us."

As they debated together, there came out of a chamber a good man, a priest, who, when he saw all the dead men, was afraid. "Sir," they said, "have no fear of us, for we are knights of Arthur's court." Then he asked them how they had killed all these men so suddenly, and they told him.

"Truly," he said, "if you should all live as long as the world endures, you will never do a better deed than this."

"Sir," said Sir Galahad, "I repent me of killing them, inasmuch as they were Christians."

"Repent not," he replied; "I will tell you the tale of this castle. These men were wicked brothers who foully misused their father and their sister, and put them in prison, wounded nearly to

death. Then they slew the priests and clerks, and broke down the chapels, that the service of our Lord might not be said; and such shame as I have been subject to at their hands no man ever had before me."

"Truly," said Sir Galahad, "if it had not pleased the will of our Lord, we could never have killed all these so suddenly."

Then when they had rested and eaten and had prayed, they departed and commended the good priest unto God.

17. DINDRANE GIVES HER LIFE FOR A LADY.

As Sir Perceval, Sir Galahad, and Sir Bors, accompanied by the holy nun Dindrane, went their way, they came to a great castle. An armed knight came riding toward them and cried: "Lords, hear what I have to say. Is this gentlewoman you lead with you a maid?"

"Sir," said Dindrane, "I am."

Then he seized her horse by the bridle and said, "By the Holy Cross, you shall not escape from me before you have yielded to the custom of the castle."

“Let her go,” said Sir Perceval, “you are not wise, for a maid is free and to be honored in whatever place she is.”

There came, riding from the castle, ten or twelve armed knights, and a gentlewoman bearing a bowl of silver, and they said: “This damsel must yield to the custom of the castle. Every maid that passeth here must give a bowlful of the blood of her right arm.”

“You are much to blame,” said Sir Galahad, “that keep such customs, and, may God help me, I assure you that this gentlewoman shall not yield to your custom, save of her own good will, as long as I live.”

“God help me too,” said Sir Perceval; “I had rather be slain myself.”

“And I also,” said Sir Bors.

“Then shall you die,” said the knight, “for we are too many against you if you were the best knights in all the world.”

Then they ran at the ten knights and beat them down and slew them; but there came from the castle sixty other knights all armed. Then with no more words they fell on these, and fought with them till night came, and slew them. So there came another knight from the castle and said, “If

you will enter and spend the night, you shall be honorably treated, and as soon as you know the custom and the reason of it, I dare say you will consent unto it."

"Go in," said Dindrane, "and be not afraid for me." So they entered the castle. Then they of the castle feasted them well, and the next morning told them the reason for the custom of the castle.

"In this castle," they said, "is a gentlewoman who many years ago fell ill, and became a leper, and no man could heal her. At last an old man came who said, 'If she can have a bowlful of the blood of a maid, a virgin pure in heart and life, and a king's daughter, that blood will be her life, if she anoint her with it.' This is why the custom was made."

Then Sir Perceval's sister said, "Fair sirs, I see indeed that this gentlewoman will die if I give not my blood to her."

"But if you bleed so much you will die," said Sir Galahad.

"Truly," said Dindrane, "but if I die I heal her, and shall get my soul's health and great honor for my lineage, and better is one harm than two. Therefore do no more battle, for I will yield me to the custom of the castle."

Then they heard mass, and Sir Perceval's sister bade them bring out the sick lady, and truly she was in a sad case. Then said Dindrane, "Who shall let me bleed?" One came and bled her so much that the bowl was full. Then the fair nun lifted up her head and blessed the lady, and said: "Madam, I have come to my death to make you whole. For the love of God, pray for me." So saying, she fell down in a swoon.

Then Sir Galahad and Sir Perceval and Sir Bors tried to lift her up and stanch the blood, but she had bled so much that she could not live. When she had roused up a little, she said: "Fair brother, Sir Perceval, I must die for the healing of this lady, but bury me not in this country. When I am dead put me into a boat at the next haven and let me set sail as the sea and the winds lead me. When you reach the city of Sarras, where you shall find the Holy Grail, you will find me there before you. Bury me there in the Holy Place."

Sir Perceval granted her wishes, weeping. After she had taken the sacrament, her soul departed from her body. The same day the lady who was anointed with her blood was healed.

Then Sir Perceval wrote a letter of all Dindrane had done for them in their adventures, and laid it

in her hand. They laid her in a barge and covered it with silk; and the wind rose and drove the barge from land, and all the knights stood watching it till it passed out of their sight.

Then there fell a sudden tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain, and the castle was turned half upside down; and the tempest was not stayed till evensong. Then they heard a voice saying, "This vengeance is for the blood-sheddings of maidens." And all night long Sir Galahad and Sir Perceval and Sir Bors said prayers in a little chapel; and in the churchyard they found forty fair tombs where lay the bodies of all the fair dead, kings' daughters, that were martyred for the sick lady's sake. In the castle, when they went to it, they found neither man nor woman left, but they had all died by the vengeance of the Lord.

18. THE FINDING OF THE GRAIL.

Then they departed and went into a forest. "Now," said Sir Perceval to Sir Bors and Sir Galahad, "we must part, and I pray the Lord we may meet together in a short time." They took off their helmets and embraced each other.

Then these three pure and true knights rode throughout the land, comforting and healing and succoring the oppressed. When they had fulfilled all the adventures prepared for them, they came together again without knowing that they should meet. Their way led them one by one to the castle of Carbonec, where they had rest, and there appeared to them as they prayed in the chapel a wondrous vision.

It seemed to them there came a man clothed like a bishop, and four angels bore him and set him before a silver table whereon was the Holy Grail. The bishop administered the holy sacrament. Then he went to Sir Galahad and kissed him and bade him go and kiss his fellow-knights; and this he did, as he was commanded.

“Now,” said the bishop, “faithful servants of the Lord, ye have seen and eaten of His most holy mysteries, and once again shall ye behold the Holy Grail in the city of Sarras at the Holy Place. Therefore go, and bear with you this holy vessel, for this night shall the Holy Grail depart from the realm. It shall never more be seen here, for it is not sought after nor worshiped aright by the people of this land. Go, therefore, to-morrow to the sea, and ye shall find your ship ready. Take with you

the sword and the strange girdle, and none of you shall go but Sir Galahad, Sir Perceval, and Sir Bors. And two of you shall die in the land of your desire, but one shall come again to tell the tidings." Then he gave them his blessing and vanished.

Sir Galahad, Sir Perceval, and Sir Bors departed, and they rode for three days till they came to the strand and found the ship of which they had heard. On board they found the rich table of silver and the Holy Grail, covered with a cloth of crimson samite. They were filled with joy to have such holy treasures in their keeping; and Sir Galahad fell to praying that soon he should pass away out of this world. Then a voice came to him, saying, "Sir Galahad, thou shalt have thy request; when thou askest the death of thy body, thou shalt have it, and then shalt thou find the life of thy soul."

Sir Perceval and Sir Bors were amazed when they saw the light that shone from his countenance. And they took Sir Galahad up and laid him in a fair bed in the midst of the ship. There he laid him down and slept a great while, and when he awaked he saw before him the city of Sarras.

And as they went to land, they saw the ship into which Sir Perceval had put his sister.

"In the name of God," said Sir Perceval, "well

hath my sister kept her covenant." Then they took her on shore, and buried her as richly as a king's daughter should be buried.

The king of that city was a tyrant, and he threw them into a deep prison. Then the Lord sent to them the Holy Grail, and by His grace they were filled with food and meat divine, while they were in that prison. At the end of a year that tyrant fell sick. He sent for the three knights and prayed forgiveness of them for all his wickedness, and then he died.

As the elders of the city sat in council, a voice came to them, saying, "Choose the youngest of the three knights and he shall be your king." Then Sir Galahad let them make a rich covering of gold and precious stones, with which he covered the silver table and the holy vessel wherein the Grail so often dwelt. And he and his two companions said their devotions before it daily.

When another year had passed, one morning early, they saw kneeling before the Grail a holy man clothed like the bishop, and a great company of angels. When he had performed the service, he came to Sir Galahad, and said, "Come forth, thou servant of the Lord, and see what thou so much desirest."

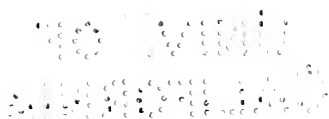
Then Sir Galahad began to tremble right sore, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he said, "Lord, I thank Thee, for now I see that which hath been my desire for many a day. Now, blessed Lord, I would live here on earth no longer, if it be Thy will."

When he had said these words, Sir Galahad went to Sir Perceval and kissed him and commended him to God; and he went to Sir Bors and did the same. Thereupon he kneeled, before the table, praying, and suddenly his soul departed to his Lord, and a great company of angels bore it up to heaven; and the other two knights saw them. Then they saw a hand come down from heaven, and it came to where the Holy Grail was, and took it, and bore it up to heaven. Since that time no man hath ever seen the Holy Grail.

When Sir Perceval and Sir Bors saw that Sir Galahad was dead, they made bitter sorrow. If they had not been two such good men, they might have fallen into despair. Sir Perceval went into a hermitage outside the city, and Sir Bors kept always with him. For a year and two months Sir Perceval lived a life of prayer and fasting, and then passed out of this world. Sir Bors buried him by his sister and Sir Galahad in the Holy Place.



"SIR GALAHAD KNEELED BEFORE THE TABLE, PRAYING."



Then Sir Bors, sorrowing deeply, departed from Sarras, and armed him, and came to the sea and entered into his ship. By fair winds and tranquil seas he came to the realm where he would fain be. And when he was come to land, he rode fast and came to Camelot where King Arthur was.

Then they made great joy for him at the court, for all had thought him dead. When they had feasted, King Arthur sent for many clerks, and they came and wrote the chronicle of the high adventures of these good knights and of the holy nun Dindrane, and of the finding of the Holy Grail.



III.

THE STORY OF ROLAND.

III. THE STORY OF ROLAND.

I. ROLAND'S YOUTH.

CHARLEMAGNE,¹ son of Pepin² of France and Bertha the gentle and courteous, was emperor of Germany and Rome; son and defender of the church and creator of the twelve peers.

As young Charlot and an exile he won himself a famous name among the Saracen hosts; as Charles, he reconquered his realm of France from the traitors who had poisoned his brave father and fair mother; and finally as Charle Magne, which means Charles the Great, he delivered the church of Rome from the pagans and was crowned emperor by a grateful pope. He continued to be a warrior all his life long, fighting against the Saracens, the Saxons, and all the heathen, as well as subduing and holding in check his own mighty barons.

Charlemagne had a sister, Gilain³ of the bright,

¹ Charlemagne = Chär'-le-mān.

² Pepin = Pep'-in.

³ Gilain = Zhī-lān'.

fair face, whom he had hoped to marry to some great king.

But she loved Milon d'Auglant¹ and wished to be married to him. Great was the fury of the emperor when he learned this, for Milon was of lowly birth—he was not even a baron. “Thou shalt never be married to such a man,” he cried. But Gilain declared that she loved Milon and would be married to no other, were he baron or king.

So that they might get their own way, Milon led his bright Gilain far from the court. For love of him she wandered at his side through wild, dark forests, and slept by night in caves or in little bowers made of tree branches, hidden away among the bushes. Wolves and bears and other fierce animals prowled around them in the darkness, and by day Milon had to fight bravely, to baffle the wild robbers and bandits who would gladly have carried off his fair bride from him.

After many months of bitter hardship, they came to a quiet little valley on the borders of beautiful Italy. The green grass was starred with bright flowers, and welling up between the stones was a clear, bubbling fountain of water which ran

¹ Milon d'Auglant = Mē-lon'-dō-glon.

away in a murmuring brook. At the foot of the high, wooded cliffs the rocks were covered with moss which made a soft carpet for their tired feet. Here Milon thought they might dwell awhile in safety. He built a spacious bower of fragrant pine branches, twined in and out with long grasses and flowers. They lived on the flesh of wild deer and birds that Milon killed, and on the sweet, fragrant berries that grew on the banks around.

In this sunny valley the hero Roland¹ was born to them. He was a wonderful boy, for when only a few weeks old he was as strong and big as most children of two years. When his mother tried to bind his limbs in the usual swaddling bands, he kicked and jumped in her arms so sturdily that she was obliged to leave them free. Here on the soft moss, in the grass among the flowers, wading in the little brook or climbing the rocks and trees, Roland grew to be a fair, strong boy.

When Roland was four years old, his father took him to school. We do not know exactly what he learned there, but he made such marvelous progress that even the monks, his teachers, were astonished. He soon became a leader among his

¹ Roland = Rō'-land.

companions, and formed them into a little warrior band which he drilled and disciplined well — and all men marveled at his courage and daring.

2. HOW ROLAND WON THE LOVE OF THE EMPEROR.

Charlemagne, the proud emperor, was returning from Rome, the Eternal City, whence he had driven the wicked pagans. With him came his great army, his wise councilors, and royal barons. He reached Sutre, where young Roland now lived with Milon and Gilain. Here the emperor caused a proclamation to be made by his heralds, calling on the people of the countryside to come to his court and bring before him their grievances, promising them to mete out justice and mercy, and great store of royal gifts.

Roland, playing with his young companions, heard the heralds crying out in the streets. Taking thirty of his little band with him, he straightway hastened to the court. Boldly he went up the palace steps into the great hall. Charlemagne and his courtiers wondered when they saw the boys, but received them with all courtesy, and led them

to the banqueting hall, offering them rich food. Roland ate with an appetite which astonished them. Then he put together in a heap all that he could carry away.

“By my faith, fair son,” broke forth Charlemagne, “why do you take that which was not offered to you? Have you not eaten enough?”

“Yea, I,” answered Roland, “but not my father and my mother.”

Then Charlemagne called for a white cloth, and in it he put a great pile of meat and bread, saying, “Here is for your father and mother.” Thanking the emperor, young Roland quietly went his way, promising to return on the morrow, much to the amusement of them all.

When the boy reached home, his mother exclaimed, “Whence comes that which you bring?”

“Sweet mother, from a great and mighty lord.”

Gilain was frightened. “Roland, dear son, return not to that mighty lord! He may work us ill.”

The next day off went Roland again, not sharing his mother’s fears. The emperor and his barons made much of him, and had great sport at his bright sayings. They had even waited for him before they sat down to table. Roland ate

like a young warrior, not of fried dishes and sweet pastry, but of meat and bread.

Naimes¹ of Bavaria, the emperor's wisest counselor, gazed curiously at the lad. His brave, frank bearing struck him. "He has the eye of a sea dragon or a hawk," he said to Charlemagne. "He is a boy of high lineage; for look at his bold, easy bearing, his straight, slim body, his haughty head, with the eye of a young lion."

After the meal was over Charlemagne again sent the boy off with a large store of provisions; but when he reached home, his mother reproached him for having disobeyed her.

Meanwhile Charlemagne had commissioned Naimes and Thierry² to follow Roland and find out his parents. In the midst of Gilain's reproaches they entered the poor little hut. When Gilain saw these mighty barons, she was filled with terror. Just at this moment Milon came home from the woods with a heavy load on his shoulders. He, too, was struck with fear when he saw the barons, for mighty was the power of Charlemagne, and furious had been his wrath.

But the good Naimes told them that all would be well, that for the sake of their noble son they

¹ Naimes = Na-eem'.

² Thierry = Tyā-rē'.

should come to Charlemagne. Then Thierry procured for them suitable garments, and led them to his great master. When Charlemagne saw them, his flaming anger burst forth anew, and he made a gesture as if he would slay them with the dagger that happened to be in his hand. But young Roland, with flashing eyes, made one spring at him, and, seizing his hand, held it in such a mighty grip that the blood sprang from the finger tips.

Charlemagne laughed aloud. He was delighted with this young lion, and, exclaiming, "This will be the Falcon of Christendom!" he made him sit beside him on his ivory throne.

Gilain and Milon fell at his feet, asking pardon for their flight. Then Charlemagne raised them, and, throwing his arms round his sister, he granted them full forgiveness.

Meanwhile Roland was growing impatient, and cast his eyes around to see if the tables were not set ready for the feasting. The emperor laughed again, and invited his guests to follow him to the banqueting hall.

Keeping young Roland at his side, he drank in foaming beakers to their future happiness and to the glory of their son.

3. HOW ROLAND WON HIS KNIGHTHOOD.

Easter day had come, and the proud emperor was holding his court. Around him were all his great lords, kings, princes, dukes, and counts from many lands; but nearest of all to the throne stood Naimes, the wise councilor. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and into the courtyard galloped a champing horse richly caparisoned, mounted by a knight in gorgeous apparel, with shining eyes and smiling countenance. It was the Turkish ambassador. Dismounting from his horse, he advanced toward the emperor. Then his eyes flashed and his countenance became terrible, and, in a loud voice that all could hear, he hurled defiance at Charlemagne.

“Sire!” he cried, “listen to me! Three great lands there are which I can name; one is Asia, the other Europe, and the third Africa. There exists no other. My royal master possesses the greatest of the three; he would also possess the others. Make at once thy submission; for Europe, pay homage, or Eaumont will know how to find thee. Nor land nor forests nor sea can save thee, unless, indeed, thou canst fly away like a bird and be safe.”

Charlemagne became pale with wrath. He started up, raging, to fall on the ambassador, but Naimes the wise restrained him. So, taking counsel with his lords, the emperor replied, "Say to your king, in four months he shall see me. My banner shall wave before the walls of his city, and then let him tremble."

In fiercely burning anger and feverish impatience the emperor hastened the preparations for the war.

Meanwhile, as was the custom in those days, Roland had been sent with some other well-born youths to learn the duties of knighthood at the castle of a great lord, the Archbishop Turpin, at Laon. While all the land was mustering its men for the war, Roland and his companions were disporting themselves as usual at the palace of the archbishop. Turpin, however, fearing that the hot blood of young Roland might lead to rash deeds before the time of his training was accomplished, shut him and his fellows up in his dungeon keep. There they should stay till the end of the war; well treated, of course, but prisoners! Such was the command of the emperor.

Soon the great army marched on its way past the castle of Laon. The boys heard the tramp of

horses' feet, the champing of bits, the clashing of armor. Then the clarions and trumpets broke into a joyful clamor, mingled with the cries and shouts of the eager soldiery. By climbing up to the narrow window, the boys could see the knights passing in battle array, with proud mien and flashing eyes and stern, set faces, hungry for the fierce joy of fighting.

Roland and his comrades listened and gazed with beating hearts. "Porter, porter, open the gates!" Roland cried. "Good sir! let us go play for a little while outside. We will but watch these brave warriors, and when we grow up and are knights ourselves, by my faith, we will make of thee a knight also!"

"Ah! peace," said the porter; "I do not want to be a knight. What has he to do but fight? Here I get good pay; I would sooner sleep and eat in peace. I will not let you out."

The boys went back, crestfallen and angry. "Well may we be wroth," said Roland. "The emperor goes to fight the Saracens, and we must be mewed up here like rats! What shall we do? We will go to that porter; we will offer him all we have, even to our cloaks, but if he will not heed us, we will arm ourselves with staves and

will give him such a beating that he will want for nothing more."

The next morning, in wild impatience, Roland carried out his plan, for the troops had already begun to leave the town. The cloaks were offered to the porter. "Ah! let us go," said Roland; "we will soon come back; we only want to see the knights."

"You will stay where you are," said the porter. "Climb upon the battlements, and you can see all you wish."

Then, "Charge! Charge!" cried Roland. "Strike, barons, strike!" he shouted, and the five boys fell on the porter and knocked him senseless. Leaving him lying there, they rushed past him through the gate and away out into the open country.

But without horses and arms, what were they to do? Roland could have cried with rage. But see! five big soldiers on their horses were riding leisurely along the road. "There!" said Roland, "we must take their horses." The boys advanced, struck the men stout blows with their heavy staves till they fell from their horses — then up and away they galloped, leaving the soldiers to get on as best they could.

The poor men returned to their lord and told of their misfortunes, and a troop of soldiers was sent off in pursuit. The boys were overtaken and seized, but when they were brought before the commander, he recognized them at once, and exclaimed, "Ha! friend Roland, is it thou?" And they all burst out laughing, except the poor soldiers who had lost their horses.

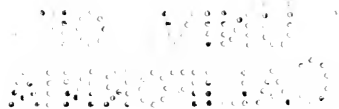
After this Roland and his companions were allowed to go their way unmolested, for they were careful not to say that they had escaped from the porter's care. They soon reached the advance guard of the army, whom they found engaged in a fierce battle with the van of the Saracen host. As they rode up, the cry was suddenly raised, "The emperor! the emperor!" and Roland rushed on to find Charlemagne far in advance of his troops and surrounded by the enemy, with his horse killed under him.

Most conspicuous among the foes, and fighting with wild courage, was Eaumont.¹ Roland singled him out in an instant, and hurled himself upon him like a young lion on its prey. Seizing the terrible sword of Eaumont, Roland dragged it from his hands, and, with a furious blow of the

¹ Eaumont = Ō-mong'.



“ROLAND HURLED HIMSELF UPON EAUMONT.”



hilt, felled the brave Saracen. Turning to his uncle, he cried, "Uncle, are you wounded?" and embraced him tenderly. Naimes, Ogier,¹ Turpin, and others came up at this moment, and Charlemagne told with pride the exploit of his nephew. With his own hand he buckled Eaumont's famous sword, Durandel,² at Roland's side. Naimes and Ogier each buckled on him a golden spur, and he was speedily dubbed knight.

After a pause the main bodies of both armies met on the field, and the battle raged fiercely for many hours. Many a noble knight perished in this fight, among them Roland's dear father, Milon. The Christians were the victors, and the heathen were destroyed with great slaughter.

After this Charlemagne remained for many years, fighting the Saracens in their own land, with the aid of the peers of France, and his dukes and barons. The tidings, however, of trouble in his empire, and the rebellion of some of his great vassals, recalled him to Europe.

¹ Ogier = Ō-zhyā'.

² Durandel = Dü-ran-del'.

4. ROLAND WINS A FRIEND.

One of these powerful vassals, Gerard de Vienne,¹ thinking himself grossly insulted by the wife of the emperor, in a violent rage called to him all the friends he could muster, and with their aid drew together a powerful army within the walls of his town. Among those who came to help him was his brother, Renier de Gêne,² who had brought with him his son Oliver, and his daughter, the beautiful Aude.³

The imperial standards were planted outside the walls of the rebellious city, which was closely invested. The siege progressed slowly, as was the way of all sieges. The besieged often made attacks upon their enemy, and valiant deeds were done on both sides. Conspicuous in the train of the proud emperor was Roland the chivalrous, notable for his youthful and manly beauty.

On one occasion the ladies, who in those wild days were frequently witnesses of the fighting, ventured somewhat too far from the walls in their eagerness to see an affray. Roland caught

¹ Gerard de Vienne = Zhē-rär'-de-Vi-an'.

² Renier de Gêne = Re'-nē-ā-de-zhān'.

³ Aude = Ōd.

sight of beautiful Aude, and his heart stopped beating for one wild moment; then in one mad rush he flew toward her in an attempt to carry her off.

But her brother Oliver was on his guard, and, like a lion in his wrath, gave Roland a blow which felled him to the earth and delivered Aude the beautiful from his grasp. She stood looking sadly at the young champion who had been struck in her defense. Her golden hair was crowned by a chaplet of precious gems. Her face was fair as the flowers in spring, and gracious modesty tinted her cheeks with rosy blushes. Oliver, vowing vengeance on Roland, hurried her away to the safety of the battlements.

After many and fierce attempts on the part of the besieged to break up the circle of foes around them, when provisions and water were at their lowest in the town, Gerard de Vienne at length sued for peace. It was decided that one last encounter should take place. Roland and Oliver, the champions of the rival armies, should fight a duel which should decide the fortune of the war.

On a green island below Vienne, one morning at sunrise, the combatants met. From the high bat-

tlements of the city, beautiful Aude, with many others, overlooked the combat. The champions rode into the lists, the horses neighing and champ-ing their bits and curveting with eagerness for the fray. The fighting was terrible. At the first encounter Roland struck such a blow with Durandel that Oliver's horse was cut in two. Poor Aude saw it. She was torn with conflicting emotions, for she loved her brother, and, alas! she loved Roland, too. She flew to a little chapel on the walls and prayed for pity for both the warring barons, who possessed her whole affection.

But Oliver was not discouraged. On foot he paced warily around Roland on horseback, and at last he saw his chance. With a mighty blow and a shout of joy he killed the horse of his foe. The champions were now both on foot, and their furious blows caused showers of sparks even in the broad daylight. "Almighty God, save my son!" cried Oliver's father from the walls. "Blessed Virgin! preserve Roland, and I will make him king of France!" vowed Charlemagne.

The fight went on; never had a fiercer one been witnessed in all the days of chivalry. All through the long day they attacked each other

and drew off breathless to gain strength for fresh onslaughts. Their helmets were crushed by blows, their breastplates pierced in a hundred places, and they were covered with blood and almost blinded.

Beautiful Aude returned to the walls. She tore her hair and uttered piercing cries. "If either dies," she wailed, "France will be lost! Why, why must there be such a fight? There! before my very eyes, my friend whom I so much love, and my dear, dear brother, are killing each other. Ah! whichever is vanquished, I shall become mad! Queen of Heaven, oh, have mercy! separate them!" and she fell swooning to the ground.

In one more desperate effort, although he could hardly see, Oliver ran on Roland; but the force of his blow broke his sword off short at the hilt, and he was left weaponless before his enemy. He gazed at his dead horse, at his broken sword, and thought that his last hour had come. But Roland cried, "Thinkest thou that I will kill an unarmed man? get thee another good sword, and call for drink, for I am thirsty!" Gerard de Vienne, when he heard this, sent his own sword, Flashing Light, and Oliver offered the cup to Roland, who had thrown himself exhausted on the ground. Roland drank deep to assuage his thirst and handed the

cup back to Oliver; and both combatants took up their stations once more. The furious combat began afresh. Who would be the conqueror? The two champions were exactly matched, Flashing Light and Durandel were equally celebrated.

A deep silence reigned. Gerard de Vienne and Charles of France were on their knees; beautiful Aude had swooned in sheer terror. Nothing was heard but the clashing blows and labored breathing of the combatants. Suddenly the blows ceased. "Oliver," cried Roland, "I am sick, I would rest!"

"Sleep, sleep," cried Oliver, "and I will kill thee whilst thou sleepest."

"I said it but to try thee," said Roland; "I can comfortably fight on for another four days."

"Good," said Oliver; "begin again."

"We will," replied Roland, and they fought on, now warily, now furiously, but neither could gain the advantage. Night was coming, when suddenly a dark cloud separated the astonished combatants. Sweet and clear, a voice rang out from the cloud: "Great warriors cease; God wills that you should end this strife. Guard your courage and your strength to fight against the Saracens, His enemies," and the voice was still, and

the cloud vanished. Roland and Oliver let fall their swords. In the fair evening light they went and seated themselves beneath a tree, and, in obedience to what they believed to be the voice of God, they swore eternal friendship.

"Before four days are over," said Roland, "I will reconcile thee with the great emperor." "Thou shalt have beautiful Aude for thy wife," replied Oliver. Over and over again they cried to each other, "I love thee more than any man alive." They disarmed, fell into each other's arms, and gave each other the kiss of peace, and so Roland and Oliver began their famous friendship.

Shortly afterward Charlemagne was solemnly reconciled to Gerard de Vienne, and preparations were hastened for the marriage of beautiful Aude and Roland. Suddenly a fearful cry was heard resounding throughout the land, "The Saracens have invaded the empire! the Saracens, the terrible Saracens!" Festivities were stopped at once; the armies gathered, and once more the proud emperor led his victorious hosts against the mortal foes of the Church of God.

5. HOW FAIR FRANCE LOST ROLAND.

Charles the king, the proud emperor, had been at war against the Saracens in Spain for seven years. Nearly all the castles and fortresses, and walled cities had been demolished. One alone still held out, the city of Saragossa,¹ the ruler of which was the infidel King Marsile.²

In a green orchard King Marsile sat on his marble throne. The eyes of more than twenty thousand of his warriors and councilors were upon him. "Listen, great lords," said he; "Charlemagne, the emperor of fair France, has harried our land; we no longer have any army strong enough or large enough to do him battle. I ask your counsel—how may we preserve ourselves from dishonor and from death?"

Then up rose a very valiant warrior, one of the wisest among them all. "Sire," he said, "let us not fear. Send to that proud and boastful emperor a message; promise him great gifts, and say to him, 'Return to France, to Aix,³ and at the Feast of St. Michael we will follow thee, we will become thy men, we will become Christians.' Does he exact

¹ Saragossa = Sä-rä-gos'-sä. ² Marsile = Mär'-sël. ³ Aix = Äks.

hostages, twenty or thirty, we will send him our sons. I will, the first, send mine, even though he must die; better that a few lose their lives than that we lose bright Spain the beautiful, and that all suffer disaster and destruction."

"The counsel is good," said Marsile, and so said the rest. Then an embassy was sent, with the wise councilor at its head, to the camp of the Emperor Charlemagne.

The proud emperor was full of joy, Cordova had just fallen before him; he could take his ease. In a wide meadow, beneath the branches of a pine, shaded by wild eglantine, the golden throne was set, and on it was seated the king of fair France. His long beard was white and his hair powdered with gray. He was very tall, and his bearing was proud and noble. Around him his courtiers entertained themselves with various pastimes; some played chess and other games, while the younger were trying their skill at fencing. Near the throne were Roland, Oliver, and the twelve peers.

The pagan embassy appeared, and, dismounting from their white mules, they were led before the emperor. Having received his permission to address him, they laid before him their king's proposals. They spoke of vast treasures which should

be his — lions and bears, and tamed hunting leopards, seven hundred camels richly caparisoned, four hundred mules laden with gold and silver, fifty chariots laden with riches, and thousands of golden coins, wherewith to pay his great army. “Return to France, to Aix,” they said, “and within a month our master will follow thee and become thy vassal.”

The emperor pondered awhile, bade the ambassadors be suitably lodged, and then held a council with his noble barons. He recited to them the terms of the proposed treaty of peace. “Trust him not,” cried most of the barons, and Roland urged a continuance of the war. He reminded Charlemagne of the previous treacheries of Marsile, maintaining with all his might that it would be folly to trust him further. But now Ganelon¹ advanced, always on the side of peace, as Roland was for war. Wise Naimes, too, declared himself for peace, and most of the barons let themselves be persuaded, for they longed to return to fair France and to see again their dear wives and little ones.

“My barons, whom shall I send as my ambassador to the Saracen who reigns at Saragossa?” asked Charlemagne.

¹ Ganelon = Gä'-ne-lon.

"I will go," said Roland.

"Or I," said Oliver. "Roland is too rash."

"Be silent, both," cried the emperor; "by my beard, not one of you or of the twelve peers shall go."

Then the Archbishop Turpin said, "Sire! I am the one to send."

"Be thou also silent," cried the emperor; "speak no more till I command. My barons shall elect one who shall be my messenger."

"Then let it be Ganelon," cried Roland.

"He will accomplish the mission well," cried all the rest.

But Ganelon cried, "Fool, thou dost wish that I should perish! Well, be it so, but mark me well—I hate thee and I hate Oliver and I hate thy friends the twelve peers. I go, but I shall perish. Sire! I commit to thy care my young son, for I shall see him no more."

"Fear not," said the emperor, "my barons have chosen thee, and thee I send. Say thou to Marsile: As my vassal he shall have the half of Spain, the rest shall be for Roland, the great baron. But if he plays me false I will return, and he shall end his life in sorrow and great shame." Then blessing Ganelon, Charlemagne delivered to him his staff and a sealed message.

The embassy returned to Marsile, and Ganelon in his heart planned treason to Roland. The French army should depart, but Roland should command the rear guard, and the Saracens should destroy him — such was his traitorous covenant with Marsile.

Then Ganelon returned to the emperor, bearing great gifts. “Sire,” he cried, “behold the keys of Saragossa, twenty hostages, and all the rich treasure !”

“It is well,” said Charlemagne ; “sound the clarions, the war is ended.”

Then joyfully the camp was raised and everything held in readiness for the return of the army to fair France. During the night, however, the emperor had a fearful dream. He stood in the dark defiles of the mountains, his good staff in his hand ; and Ganelon seized the staff and broke it in pieces, whereat all the pieces flew up into the sky and were lost to the emperor.

In the early dawn Charlemagne summoned his barons. “Lords,” he cried, “behold the narrow passes, the dark defiles. Counsel me, who shall command the rear guard ?”

“Roland,” cried Ganelon ; “who else so valiant as he ?”

“Roland,” cried the barons; “who so valiant as Roland?”

The emperor was filled with foreboding. He turned to Roland, saying, “I will leave with thee one half the army — therein lies safety.”

“May I perish before I dishonor my race!” cried Roland. “Leave me twenty thousand Frenchmen; forward with all the rest. We will guard the defiles, or we will perish.” Then all the peers cried with one voice, “We will stay with Roland,” and so said Count Gautier and Turpin, the brave warrior bishop.

With a heavy heart Charlemagne departed. He left twenty thousand Frenchmen with Roland, picked men, not one coward among them all.

Marsile collected all his army. The drums beat and the trumpets sounded in Saragossa. They set forth; they sped down the valley, and, marching through the night, they soon caught sight of Roland and the rear guard of Charlemagne’s great army.

High were the dark mountains, gloomy the valleys, black the rocks, and fearful the defiles as the rear guard prepared to defend the passes. The night went by in safety, the morning broke clear, the sun shone bright; a thousand clarions sounded, the horses neighed, and the tramp of many feet

shook the ground! "What do I hear?" cried Oliver. "Friend Roland, I think that we shall have to do with the Saracens!" He mounted on a little height and gazed toward Spain. "What sounds I hear! what shining armor, what flashing helmets, I see!" Before him indeed passed all the chivalry of Spain, an enormous army, winding through the valleys.

"We are betrayed," he cried. "This is the work of Ganelon! Friend Roland, sound thine horn; the emperor will still hear, and he will return with the great army, and our rear guard will not be cut to pieces."

"Never," cried Roland, "shall I dishonor fair France and my own great race! We will fight the Saracens; we are the pick of the whole army. Sweet it will be to die for France and the great emperor."

"Thou art mad," cried Oliver. "We are twenty thousand men, and the pagans there are at least a hundred thousand! Roland, sound thy horn. It will be no shame."

"Never," cried Roland. "Rather death than dishonor. The more we fight, the more the emperor will love us!"

Roland was chivalrous, but Oliver was wise.

“Friend Roland,” he said again, “thou art responsible for our twenty thousand French; sound thine horn while yet there is time.”

“Never,” once again cried Roland, and he drew himself up and glanced round among his men. “Say no more, friend and companion. We are here with twenty thousand heroes. Strike with thy lance, Oliver, and I with my Durandel; and if I die, they will cry, ‘This was the sword of a brave man!’”

They formed themselves in battle array, and as the Archbishop Turpin rode along the lines they fell on their knees to receive his blessing. “The day must be ours!” he cried.

Alas! the day was theirs — but at what cost! Unheard of were the prodigies of valor performed that day. Again and yet again the brave French came to close quarters with the foe, and the ground was heaped with slain. The Saracens seemed countless. On and on they came in never ceasing hordes, fresh, with prancing horses, while the poor Frenchmen, covered with blood and wounds, weary with fighting, could hardly lift their swords. Nevertheless, marvelous was the battle. They fought on and on, the field was covered with thousands of dead and wounded

men in heaps and piles, one on the other, some on their faces and some on their backs — and at last the pagans drew off. “Accursed be this day,” they said, “we will fight no more.”

Roland and Oliver looked around; they could hardly see who of theirs remained for the heaps of dead Saracens. “Oliver,” cried Roland, “shall I sound my horn? The emperor will return.”

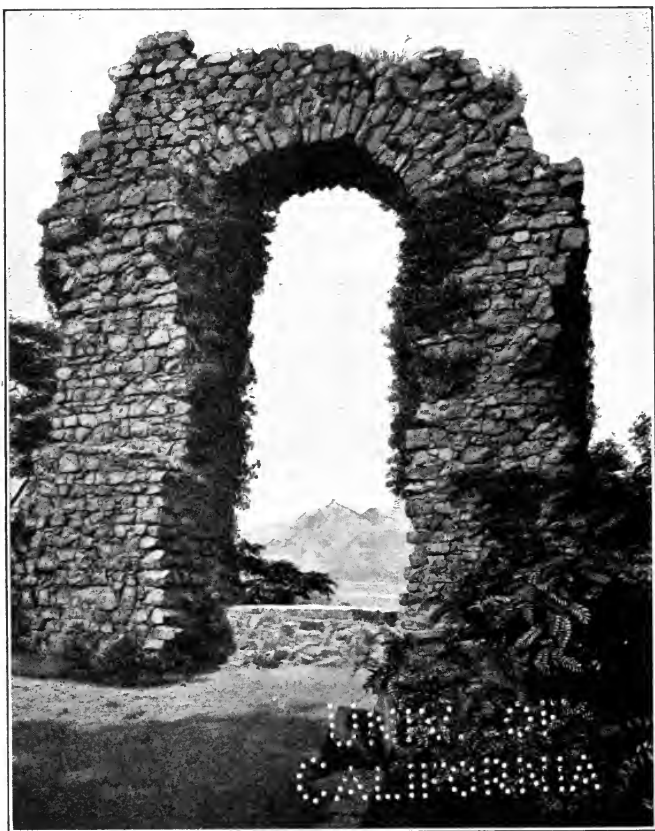
“To do it now would indeed be shame,” replied Oliver. “This slaughter is thy fault. It is not brave to be madly rash; thou wouldst not sound it when it might have saved the army.”

Archbishop Turpin overheard this dispute of the two captains. “Sir Roland,” he said, “Sir Oliver! brave captains, dispute not. If Sir Roland sounds his horn now, it will be no shame. Charlemagne will hear it, he will return, but only to avenge our deaths—for die we must—there is no help for it!”

“Thou sayest well,” said Roland.

Roland was in great anguish, for he was covered with wounds, but with a terrible effort he sounded his ivory horn. The echo reached the great army. “Listen,” cried the emperor. “Our rear guard is attacked.”

“Should any one else say so, he would be deemed a liar,” cried Ganelon.



ROLAND'S TOWER.

According to a legend, this tower was built by Roland.

Once again the distant sound was heard. "Hark," cried Naimes, "it is true! Our men are fighting; Roland would not sound the horn else."

"Nonsense," said Ganelon, "I have known that bragging Roland to ride about all day sounding his horn for nothing."

Once again in mortal anguish Roland raised his horn to his lips. He blew a mighty blast, but the veins of his temples burst, and he almost swooned with the agony. Again faint sounds reached Charlemagne. "By our Lady," cried the emperor, "Roland is in trouble. Sound the trumpets, let the army return. Ganelon, that traitor, has played us false!" Alas, the mountains are so high, the valley so deep, the passes so precipitous, the army is mad with rage and anguish! Pray God they be not too late to succor Roland and the peers!

Roland gazed wildly around. Only a few French remained. "Friend Oliver, the fault is mine, but we will die fighting for fair France," he said. "We will fight!" reëchoed the brave survivors.

Once again the fighting began. The Saracen leaders had managed to rally their men—alas, their numbers seemed endless! But all his rage

returned to Roland. Oliver fought like a giant, and great Turpin was not behind in the press. Their path was strewn with heaps of fresh slain. But alas! what could it avail them? — before the great army could return they would all be slain. Once again the Saracens were put to flight! “These French are devils and not men,” they cried.

Oliver was wounded to the death. He staggered about the field, he could see no longer, the streaming blood blinded him. He waved his shining sword. “Roland, Roland, farewell, my friend, farewell!” he cried, with a high voice and clear.

Roland rushed up; he looked at him. “My God, what can I do? Fair France, thou art confounded this day, widowed of thy bravest knights, thy best soldiers. Alas, for the sorrow of the emperor!” When he saw Oliver fall dead before him, Roland could no longer restrain his cries and his sobs. He swooned again from sorrow.

When Roland recovered his senses, he saw and realized the greatness of the disaster. The peers were all dead, Turpin was dead, Oliver was dead, he alone remained in the field, wounded, himself, to the death. “Ah me! for fair France!” he cried. He felt the death throes on him. He slowly

dragged himself along — he staggered to a little eminence, and there again he fainted. After a while he came to himself, sat up, and, taking Durandel, his dear sword, he kissed it. “Never,” he murmured, “shall a pagan have thee.”

He staggered slowly to his feet once more. Death was very near, but he found a rock, and, taking Durandel in his hands, he tried to smash the blade against the flint. But Durandel was not made of metal that could be broken. Three times he tried, but the sword was scarcely dented. Exhausted, he sank down again on the grass. He murmured loving words to his dear sword: “My Durandel, thou art beautiful and holy. How many lands through thee I have conquered for my glorious emperor, Charles of the white beard! Never, never mayst thou fall into the hands of a coward!”

He took Durandel and his ivory horn, and with great effort he laid himself over them; he turned his face toward his vanquished enemies, toward Spain, whither they were flying.

He crossed his hands, he prayed for forgiveness for his sins, and then he thought on many things: of fair France, of his beloved ones whom he might never see more, of Charlemagne, his dear lord.

He held up his gauntlet to the sky. “Great

God, thou who broughtest Lazarus back to life, and defended Daniel in the lion's den, save, oh, save my soul and defend it from all perils, and forgive the sins I have committed in my lifetime." Slowly his head sank down upon the ground, and, with hands reverently clasped, he met his end. Roland, the great captain, the chivalrous, the brave, was dead.

Terrible indeed was the grief of the great army when at last it reached the valley. Not a road, not even a little pathway, not a clear space, not a yard nor even a foot of ground, but was piled high with dead bodies of Frenchmen or of Saracens. The proud emperor tore his white beard in rage and horror, and twenty thousand Frenchmen mourned, for all had lost sons, nephews, brothers, friends, or lords. "Vengeance, vengeance, a terrible revenge!" they all cried. The dust was still visible as it rose in clouds from the flying feet of the Saracens. The dead were left lying where they had fallen; the whole army started in hot pursuit. The fugitives were overtaken and a veritable massacre followed. Those who were not killed on land were driven into the rivers and drowned. Roland was indeed avenged.

Sadly the old emperor, with the remainder of

his army, returned to fair France. With them they brought the bodies of the principal heroes, to be buried in the cathedrals of France. The rest of the gallant twenty thousand they had buried in the valley where they had fallen.

The great emperor sat in his great hall, consumed with grief, when a fair woman entered. "Great emperor, where is Roland, the noble captain who swore to make me his wife?" she said.

"Sister, sweet friend, thou askest me the tidings of a dead man. Much I grieve for thee and me. Wilt thou marry mine own dear son, Louis, heir now to all my empire? What can I offer thee more?"

"I pray to God, to all his saints and his angels, that since Roland is dead, I may live no longer!" As she said this, the color fled from her cheeks and she fell at the feet of the emperor. Tenderly he lifted her up and laid her on a couch, and he sent for his physicians that they might raise her up, for he thought she had swooned. But she never rose up again — God had answered her prayer. Beautiful Aude was dead.

The traitor Ganelon met with his deserts — he was condemned to a dreadful death.

PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in *fat, man, pang*.
ā as in *fate, mane, dale*.
ǣ as in *far, father, guard*.
e as in *met, pen, bless*.
ē as in *mete, meet, meat*.
è as in *her, fern, heard*.
i as in *pin, it, biscuit*.
ī as in *pine, fight, file*.
o as in *not, frog, on*.
ō as in *note, poke, floor*.
ô as in *nor, song, off*.
u as in *tub, son, blood*.
ū as in *mute, acute, few*.
ü, German *ü*, French *u*.
oi as in *oil, joint, boy*.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ā̇ as in *prelate, courage*.
ē̇ as in *ablegate, episcopal*.
ō̇ as in *abrogate, eulogy*.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes the short *u*-sound (of *but, pure*, etc.). Thus:

ā̈ as in *errant, republican*.
ō̈ as in *valor, actor, idiot*.
ṻ as in *Persia, peninsula*.

ñ, French nasalizing *n*, as in *ton, en*.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary or from another secondary.)

Aix = Āks

Alain li Gros = Ālān'-lē-grō

Arimathea = Ar''-i-mā-thē'-ä

Aristole = Ar'-is-tōl

Aude = Ōd

Bagdemagus = Bag-de'-mā-gus

Bedingran = Bed'-ing-ran

Benoic = Bē-nō'-ik

Bondwine = Bond'-wīn

Bōrs = Bōrs

Brastias = Bras'-ti-as

Bretel = Brē'-tel

Camelot = Cam'-e-lot

Canterbury = Kan'-tēr-ber-i

Carados = Kär'-a-dos

Cardoil = Kär'-doil

Carleon = Kär'-lē-on

Carmelhide = Kär'-mel-hīd

Charlemagne = Chär'-le-mān

Cleodalis = Klē-o'-dā-lis

Daneblaise = Dan'-ē-blāz

Dindrane = Din'-drān

Durandel = Dü-ran-del'

238 PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

Eaumont = Ō-mong'

Ector = Ek'-tə

Elaine = E-lān'

Excalibur = Eks-kal'-i-bèr

Gaheris = Gā'-hèr-is

Galahad = Gal'-a-had

Ganelon = Gā'-ne-lon

Garloth = Gār'-loth

Gareth = Gā'-reth

Gawain = Gā-wān'

Gilain = Zhī-lān'

Gerard de Vienne = Zhē-rār'-de-
Vi-an'

Guinevere = Gwin'-e-vēr

Joseus = Jō'-sē-us

Kay = Kā

Lancelot = Lon'-sē-lot

Leodgrance = Lē-od'-grans

Lionel = Lī'-ō-nel

Lothian = Lō'-thi-ān

Lucan = Lū'-kan

Lyonesse = Lī-o-nēs'

Marsile = Mär'-sēl

Milon d'Auglant = Mē-lon'-dō'-
glon

Naimés = Na-eem'

Neutres = Nū'-tr

Ogier = Ō-zhyā'

Orkney = Ork'-ni

Pelles = Pel'-lēz

Pepin = Pep'-in

Perceval = Pèr'-sē-vał

Renier de Gêne = Re'-nē-ā-de
zhān'

Rions = Ry'-ons

Roland = Rō'-land

Saragossa = Sä-rä-gos'-sä

Thierry = Tyā-rē'

Turquin = Tūr'-kwin

Ulphius = Ul'-fi-as

Urience = Ū'-ri-ens

Uther Pendragon = Ū'-thèr-Pen-
dra-gon

Yglais = Ig'-lās

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